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N THE POPE

England Outscores O.J., 10 — 2

NATIONAL REVIEW

I'm very well acquainted too
with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the
simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I'm
teeming with a lot o' news —
With many cheerful facts about
the square of the hypotenuse.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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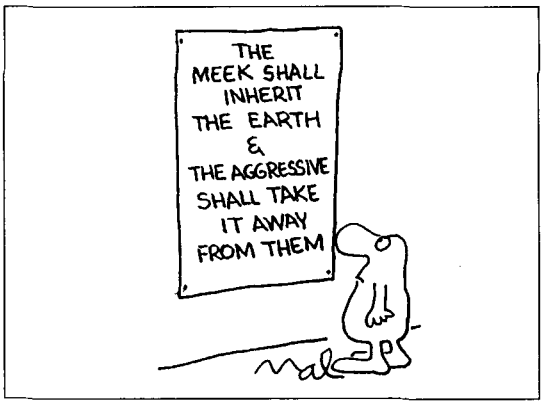

COVER STORY

Colin Powell's autobiography, *My American Journey*, describes the making of a four-star general and a five-star politician, writes **A. J. Bacevich** (p. 56). But would he make a constitutional President? . . . **Kate O'Beirne** (p. 26) looks at Powell's early life in New York—and remembers the old neighborhood.

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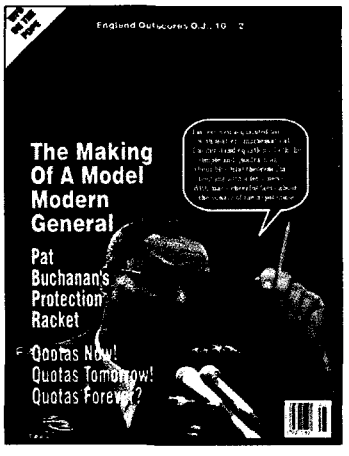

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LETTERS

Pointing the Finger

Rabbi Daniel Lapin's advocacy of reintroducing ostracism ["In Praise of Shame," Sept. 25] seems like a good idea only if we think of the situation in abstract terms, imagining strangers shunning moral wrongdoers in some distant town. But if we think of it in practical terms, how many of us really want to shun the friendly teen-aged girl behind the register at the local coffee shop because she became pregnant? How many would then go on to ostracize her innocent child? Yes, there are some who would do just that, but they, in turn, would be ostracized by decent people.

Julia Weiland
New York, N.Y.

Rabbi Lapin tells us we could reduce illegitimacy if only a "Bible-believing, prayerful community" would unite to shun "bastards." However, God-fearing Christians will certainly shun his plan instead. They will choose the example of Jesus, who blessed the social outcast. They will tremble to add to the sorrow of the poor (and what else are fatherless children?), for Jesus plainly taught that doing so sends many to Hell.

Patricia Sette
Concord, Mass.

I agree—ostracization is painful. I am not sure that I could practice what I preach. For good reason, the book from which my piece was excerpted is entitled, This Will Hurt. *Nonetheless, I am certain that both ladies do ostracize. Would either invite a murderer for dinner? Would a bigamist be welcome in their homes? We only disagree on whether illegitimacy is as serious a long-term threat to society as murder and bigamy.*

It may be necessary to inflict pain on one generation in order to save countless future generations from even greater pain. Finally, it is entirely possible to demonstrate compassion while withholding approval. That is what Moses taught. Isn't it also what Jesus taught? —DL

Computer Bugs

As a native-born contract computer programmer who competes with foreign and domestic talent, I read with interest Norman Matloff's "Debugging Immigration" [Oct. 9]. I can't help thinking that here is another economist who thinks he's smarter than the market, and who seems to be advocating regulatory policies against the wishes of private actors "for their own good." To judge whether a candidate is fit to be employed may surely be trusted to the employers whose interest it concerns. Mr. Matloff would tell us how many computer programmers are "needed." This is a wild guess at best, no matter how much data are collected or how well analyzed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. No one knows how many computer programmers are needed. Let the market sort that out.

Howard Hyde
Granada Hills, Calif.

Tax Codes

Is the tax code a place where the government should engage in social engineering, or should the tax code raise revenues for the government with an even hand? That's the question at issue in your critique of the Ways and Means Committee's budget reconciliation tax changes ["The Week," Oct. 9]—and the usually sound free-market NATIONAL REVIEW is on the wrong side of it.

While rightly criticizing the term "corporate welfare," *NR* mischaracterizes me as someone who wishes to end the practice by a "tax increase" on corporations. As chairman of Ways and Means, I have made it clear that I would identify outdated and inappropriate tax provisions; e.g., in April the committee ended the tax break for communications corporations that sell their companies as part of a government-run minority-preference program.

I'm not sure which provisions in this fall's legislation *NR* has in mind. Is it the elimination of the wind-power tax credit that worries you? Or the provision treating large family-owned farms like any other business their size? Or the one treating proceeds from *Pocahontas* backpacks the same as Hollywood's primary income? Do you balk at giving the low-income housing tax credit a temporary status, like other credits? Or returning the Earned Income Tax Credit to its pre-Clinton status as a credit for families, and removing those with large amounts of ***unearned*** income from its ranks? Do you wish to retain the practice of obliging taxpayers to fund job creation in Puerto Rico—to the tune of $150,000 per job? Do you object to the equal taxation of gambling revenues for Indians and non-Indians, or do you join Robert Reich in opposing the right of corporations to use the excess money in their pension funds (provided they are funded at above 125 per cent) to expand their operations and create new jobs?

It is odd to see *NR* defending the social experiments in the Goliathan tax code. Perhaps you would better serve your readers by informing them that the legislation gives taxpayers a slingshot when they have to face Goliath. The "Taxpayers' Bill of Rights" portion, among other protections, allows you for the first time ever to sue the IRS for up to $1 million.

Bill Archer
Washington, D.C.

Ouch—Chairman Archer scores several points. Our friendly disagreement with him concerns the proper application of the free-market principles we share. Those principles, as he notes, condemn our loophole-ridden tax code. That's why we, like Chairman Archer, support tax reform that eliminates loopholes and *lowers tax rates. But to abolish corporate tax breaks in a way that gives the government more money and leaves the private sector with less is to raise taxes. Still, Chairman Archer, you're no Dan Rostenkowski.*

—ED.

Spel It fore Mee

Thank you for your back-to-school special section, "Dumb and Dumber" [Sept. 25]. The absurdity of "whole language" instruction is confirmed to me every time I walk the halls of my children's school, which are covered with samples of student writing in which virtually every word more than four letters long is misspelled. My depression is always compounded by the notations of "E—Good Job" on barely intelligible writings.

Thomas D. Harper
Smyrna, Ga.

Milking It for All It's Worth

I love a good satire and usually find W. H. von Dreele clever and amusing, but "The Citadel's Ex-Cow" [Sept. 11] was simply mean-spirited. He did have a clever last line with "Hit udderly below the belt"; he should be working for Hallmark. In "Adrift Off China," he again makes reference to an udder. Does Mr. von Dreele have a fetish? Does "till the cows come home" hold a special meaning for him?

You can tell me. I won't udder a word.

Stephen C. Goldsmith
Brandon, Fla.

Editor's note: Letters of 200 words or fewer have a greater chance of being published.

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Peter Maland–
Sun City, AZ
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Kathleen McCarthy-Koch–
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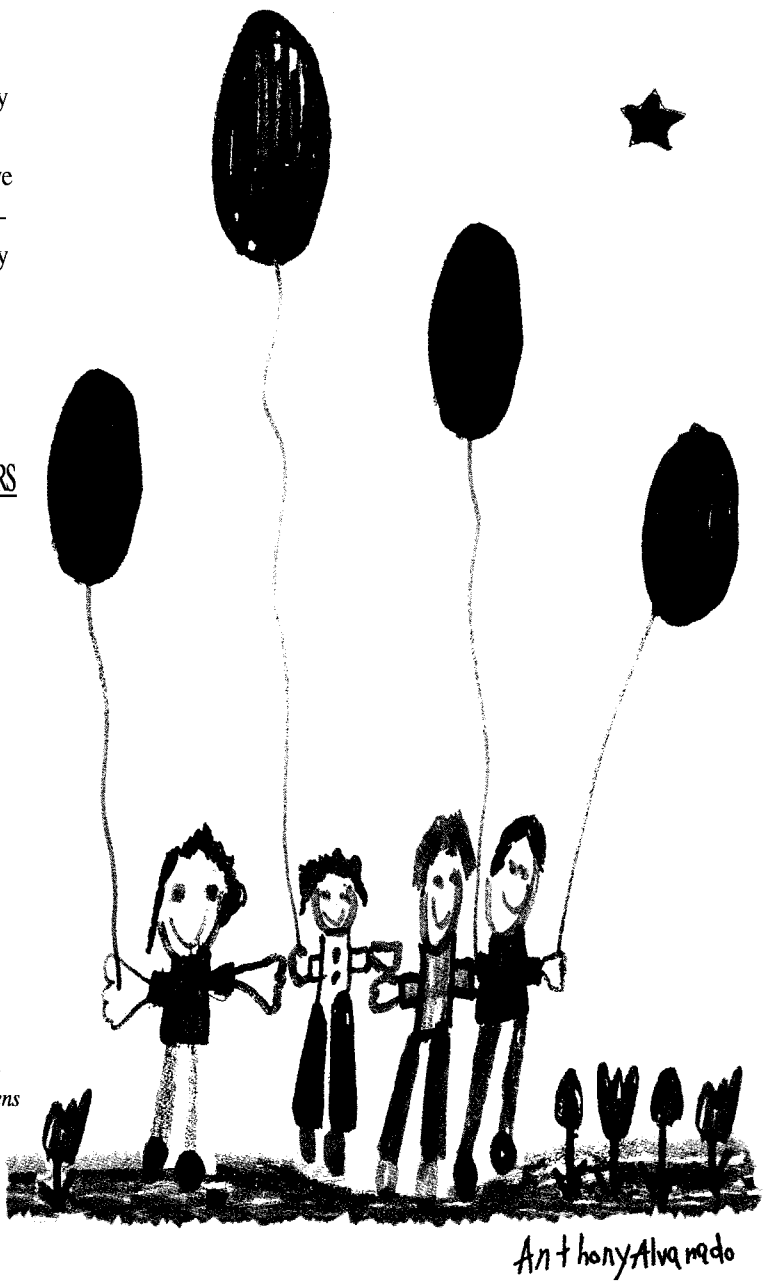

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FROM THE EDITOR

Deconstruction, American-Style

■ Much of this issue is devoted, in one way or another, to race. But then, so is much of American politics. The combination of the O.J. verdict and the Million Man March has shifted it to the forefront of politics again, temporarily overshadowing even Medicare.

As so often, however, the lessons being drawn from these events are the opposite of any reasonable conclusion. One subtle suggestion, as Mark Cunningham points out, is that the "attack" on affirmative action is responsible for the signs of increasing division between the races.

This might be plausible if there had been signs of growing racial harmony before November 1994. In fact, as Paul Craig Roberts and Lawrence M. Stratton show, racial divisions have been steadily growing in step with the increasing scope, enforcement, and blatancy of the racial quotas at the heart of affirmative action.

Nor is that curious. Race-conscious policies make people conscious of race.

It is alarming, however, that such race-consciousness has now reached the point where many black Americans have begun to think of themselves as a separate nation—a kind of black English-speaking Quebec scattered across the American continent.

That is, after all, the candid agenda of the Nation of Islam, of the Million Man March which it sponsored, and of influential black scholars and professionals who devote much ingenuity to constitutional schemes that would replace majority rule with cantonal democracy, racial vetoes, "concurrent majorities," and various forms of racial proportionality.

Until now, such "fancy franchises" have been waystations on the road to majority rule (as in South Africa). Will America be the first case in which they lead away from it? The question sounds far-fetched. So did the idea of racial quotas when Congress passed the Civil Rights Act.

America is now faced with two theories about itself: either it is a single people or it is a federation of many peoples. If the former, it will eliminate racial quotas and downplay race-consciousness generally in favor of an inclusive American identity. If the latter, it will move gradually toward racial proportionalism and its own deconstruction.

These possibilities are incarnated in two men. Colin Powell embodies the inclusive concept of the American whose race is a secondary identity, Louis Farrakhan that of the black who has rejected the accident of being born American.

Mr. Farrakhan argues his case forcefully; Mr. Powell does not yet seem to know there's a war on.

■ Deconstructionism has been the theme of much speculation on the O.J. verdict. It has been claimed incessantly that black Americans, on and off the jury, "saw" the evidence differently because they brought their own experiences (of police brutality, etc.) to the judgment. Since whites had a different experience, black and white "truths" were different. And never the twain shall meet.

All this is the greatest nonsense. It denies that there is such a thing as truth or objective reality. Indeed, it logically implies that Simpson could be both guilty and innocent of his wife's murder—depending upon who's reaching the verdict.

But it is the identical argument used to justify "diversity" in the newsrooms of the mainstream press. As the diversity-mongers put it, we need black, Hispanic, lesbian, gay, etc. perspectives on the news.

Of course, they don't know their own theories. Any competent Parisian deconstructionist could tell them that you can safely have a newsroom staffed by live white males because the *readers* create the texts (i.e., write the newspapers) by their own interpretations.

Still, think of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* as newspapers specially tailored to the demands of the crowds who celebrated Mr. Simpson's acquittal. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Politicians mostly circumspect concerning **O. J. Simpson**'s acquittal. Only **Pat Buchanan** condemned verdict. President **Bill Clinton** issued a statement: "Our system of justice requires respect for the decision. At this moment, our thoughts and prayers should be with the families of the victims of this terrible crime." **Bob Dole**'s statement told Americans: "It is very important at this time that we use all our energies to find ways to understand each other and bring us together." **Phil Gramm** deemed it inappropriate "for a member of the Senate to be commenting on jury trials." **Colin Powell** said that the trial showed that the judicial system works and called on the country "to move on." Also for moving on: **Lamar Alexander**, **Jack Kemp**. Gov. **Pete Wilson** said he "would urge the removal of cameras from our courtrooms." **Jesse Jackson** urged Simpson to lead the fight against domestic violence. . . . Even editorialists declined to judge the jury. *New York Times* faulted the police, prosecution, and Judge **Lance Ito** for "bungling," and the defense for making "a prejudicial appeal," but took no position on the verdict. Not going out on a limb: the *Washington Post*, which noted that the acquittal "stunned and disappointed" some people but "satisfied" others. . . . Coverage of O.J. and racial division by the media fueled more talk about Powell. **Charles Krauthammer** argues that though a President Powell would prevent major reform of the welfare state, he would improve race relations.

■ White House is in an upbeat mood, buoyed by rising poll ratings and convinced that Republicans will field weak candidate next year. Clinton's strategy, which advisor **Dick Morris** calls "triangulation," seeks to position him as a centrist, between congressional Republicans and Democrats. **Ann Devroy** (*Washington Post*) writes, "Clinton's message that he is for the popular things Republicans favor—like a balanced budget—but against the unpopular things they propose—like cutting Medicare—is beginning to take." . . . Not all Democrats enthusiastic about the new strategy. Asked on *Meet the Press* to choose between Dole and Clinton, Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** (D., N.Y.) responded, "I would rather have as President someone not running for the Presidency." Moynihan has clashed with White House recently over welfare and his proposal to save billions by reducing estimates of inflation. . . . Vice President **Al Gore** calls Republicans "extremists," Clinton accuses them of raising taxes (actually Medicare deductibles, college-loan fees, etc.) on the needy. Attacks led **Newt Gingrich** and Bob Dole to call off budget talks for now—though Dole jokes that Gore's "extremist" talk "may help me in some of the early primaries." . . . More tough budget talk from both sides: Clinton declares, "I would gladly, gladly terminate my tenure here if the price of continuing it was just shelving everything I believe in about this country." Gramm says, "He can hold us in session until the Second Coming and there is no possibility that I am ever going to spend one nickel above the level . . . in our budget."

■ Republican presidential candidates hold forum in New Hampshire. Comments *Washington Post* editorial: "Judging from what was said . . . the ideal President is someone who: 1) never had anything to do with the Federal Government in Washington, D.C.; 2) never set foot in Washington; 3) never even met someone who set foot in Washington; 4) never even voted to send someone else to Washington; 5) and wouldn't, if elected, even move to Washington." Alexander repeated call to "cut their pay and send them home," Dole deflected questions about his age with good humor, **Bob Dornan** praised all the other candidates, Gramm softened his image by talking about his humble beginnings and his marriage. Focusing on tax reform were **Steve Forbes**, **Richard Lugar**, and **Arlen Specter**, while **Alan Keyes** continued to stress primacy of moral issues. . . . Pete Wilson's departure from presidential race leads to Dole endorsements by conservative Calif. Attorney General **Dan Lungren**, Calif. ex-Gov. **George Deukmejian**, and ex-co-chairman of RNC **Jeanie Austin**.

"So I lied to Congress. Do you know how many times they've lied to me?"

■ Gramm, seeking Cuban-American support, opposes Dole on English language, demands that **Fidel Castro** be barred from attending UN's fiftieth anniversary next month: "The only purpose that we should allow Fidel Castro into America for is to put him in prison or to hang him. And frankly, I believe the people of Cuba should have first right to exercise either or both of those options." . . . Campaign memo by Gramm pollster **Linda DiVall**, leaked to press, summarizes focus-group results: "Knowledge void on Gramm is still immense. . . Women were totally confused on his position on affirmative action and abortion." (He's against both.) . . . Buchanan warns that if Powell "became the nominee and tried to make us a pro-abortion, pro-gun-control, pro-affirmative-action party which celebrated New Deal and Great Society programs, then there will be an explosion in San Diego [convention] and I would fight him with everything I had." . . . It now looks unlikely that Perot's party will get on Calif. ballot.

■ *Wall Street Journal* quotes salon owner **Jordan Ferraro** on why more women are dyeing their hair red: "I equate this with the fact that the Cold War has ended. The phrase, 'Better dead than Red' has passed from our consciousness. . . . We're allowed now emotionally to become red."

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THE WEEK

■ Watch for our analysis of Louis Farrakhan's speech at the Million Man March, as soon as he finishes it.

■ Was President Clinton coaching him?

■ The conventional wisdom on the march stresses the dignity and decency of most of the men there, and says it's too bad that its main political effect will be to enshrine the noxious Louis Farrakhan as black America's most significant political leader. All that is true. And any crowd that boos Rep. John Conyers off the stage can't be all bad. Conservatives will even be tempted to praise Farrakhan's message of self-reliance and middle-class values as a revolt against the social liberalism of the welfare state. But to indulge blacks as they follow the lead of a hatemonger is condescending: adults have to be held responsible for their affiliations. And their revolt against liberalism is anyway incomplete. In favoring racial separatism, the Nation of Islam has taken ideas long favored by the liberal establishment—separately tracked school admissions, racial employment criteria, segregated campus dormitories and congressional districts—to their illogical conclusion. President Clinton is wrong to describe Farrakhan's bigotry as merely "one man's message of malice and division." It is incidental neither to his program nor to his appeal to many black Americans. Both the uplifting and the ugly sides of Farrakhan's movement flow from an ideology that posits blacks as aliens, as members of a proud and separate polity. Farrakhan does not think blacks should wear America's uniform or be subject to America's laws, or that non-blacks should own property or run businesses in black neighborhoods. The only antidote to this message is the cultivation of an overarching sense of an American identity. It will not be promoted by merely biting our lips as Farrakhan becomes a power broker in American politics.

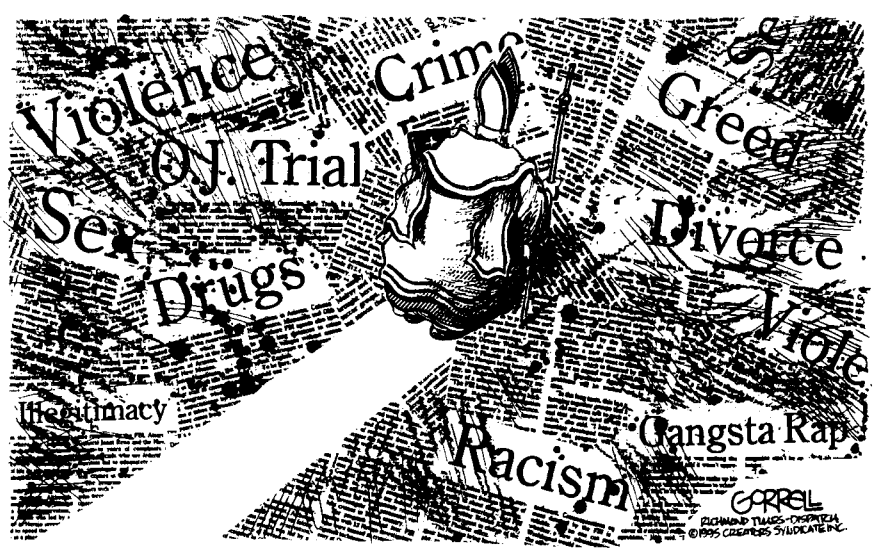
■ According to the *Washington Times*, one rebellious—we hope—soul held up a placard that read: "ELECT FARRAKHAN–SIMPSON."

■ The campaign to end the income tax continues to gain momentum on Capitol Hill. Reps. Dan Schaefer (R., Colo.) and Billy Tauzin (R., La.) have drafted legislation to replace the personal-income, corporate-income, capital-gains, and estate taxes with a 16 per cent national sales tax. Not to be outdone, freshman Rep. Joe Scarborough of Florida is working on a 10 per cent national sales tax to replace the personal-income tax. To those who argue that ending the income tax for good would require repealing the Sixteenth Amendment, Rep. Sam Johnson (R., Tex.) has proposed a new constitutional amendment: "Three years after the ratification of this article of amendment, the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is repealed, and the Congress shall have no power to lay and collect taxes on incomes except in times of war." Let the Court find the penumbras in that one.

■ President Clinton will soon issue a statement vowing to devote the rest of his life to searching for the real killer of the Democratic Party.

■ Under assault for its aggressive agenda, the Legal Services Corporation has been portraying itself as an essential provider of legal services to the poor. However, in a recent Capital Research Center newsletter, David Wilkinson, inspector general of the LSC from 1989 to 1991, opens a new line of attack, writing that "sufficient resources exist to provide legal assistance to the poor without LSC." Turns out that more than 500,000 lawyers contribute nearly 25 million hours a year of *pro bono* work valued at an estimated $3.4 billion; this is five times the number of hours worked by LSC attorneys, and eight times the LSC budget. The LSC complains that these numbers are too high because they include attorneys who work individually rather than through an organization—although the poor represented by such attorneys surely are unconcerned by the difference. These lawyers are also criticized for doing *pro bono* work that is "traditional" rather than "controversial." In other words, non-LSC lawyers perform the traditional purpose of helping poor people, rather than the controversial one of blocking welfare reform and harassing employers.

■ Sen. Sam Nunn won't run for re-election in '96, the



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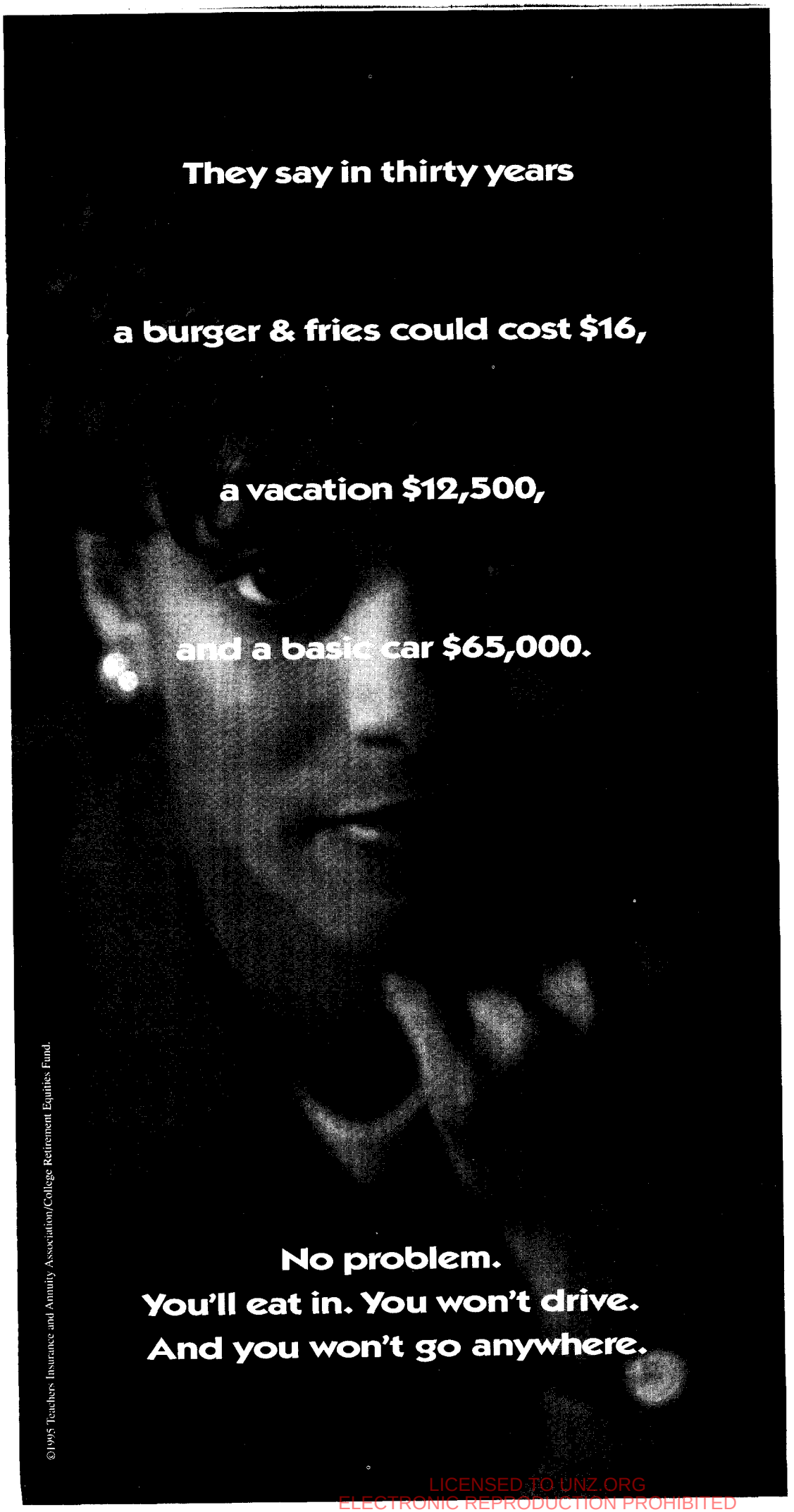
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■ CORRECTIONS: The contents page, which went to press before the rest of the magazine, lists an article by David Gelernter on p. 48. In fact, the article is by Mark Cunningham. . . . On p.52, 1st column, Pete Wilson's tax hike was $7 billion.

eighth Democratic incumbent to take a pass. The Iraqi army had fewer deserters during the Gulf War.

■ The number of Americans living in poverty declined in 1994. The bad news is that for an economy performing so well, the decline—from 15.1 to 14.5 per cent—was pitifully small. But is the news really so bad? The government's poverty statistics don't count in-kind transfers like food stamps and housing subsidies, and they overstate inflation. Income is a famously misleading indicator of need; cf. the banker's son who enters the ranks of the poor by moving out of Dad's estate. Nearly 40 per cent of all "poor" Americans own their homes. Economists who study these issues have developed an alternative poverty measure, one based on what people actually consume rather than the money they take in. Consumption poverty fell steadily throughout the 1980s. The reputed failure of Reaganomics to "lift all boats" seems rooted in statistical malpractice. Surely the poverty industry will embrace this more accurate, and more hopeful, analytic prism. Well, maybe not.

■ Willie Brown recently encouraged students to, "basically, just terrorize" Professor Glynn Custred, co-author of the California Civil Rights Initiative, which would outlaw state-sponsored affirmative action. This from the other side of the debate.

■ Heard any good economist jokes lately? Here's one: In March 1981, 364 economists wrote the *Times* of London to warn that Margaret Thatcher's economic policies were destroying the economy. The punch line: a recent *New York Times* article detailing the mad dash of foreign investors into Britain. Over the past decade Britain has become the preferred European location for the big three Japanese automakers (Nissan, Toyota, and Honda) and for large Asian electronics manufacturers such as Samsung and Fujitsu, as well as for German and French manufacturers seeking expansion beyond their high-cost home markets. American companies, building upon a long tradition, invested 7.5 times more in Britain between 1986 and 1993 than in Germany. Thatcherism didn't carry the day without a struggle. For years Europe derided Britain's economy as being too much like America's. Translation: Job security was sacrificed to economic growth. Now, with French unemployment stuck at 11.5 per cent and German labor costs nearly double Britain's, Continental policymakers are wondering whether to emulate the British experience. Tax cuts, privatization, and deregulation were important. But the biggest piece of the puzzle, according to a prominent German industrialist, was the defanging of the unions. This, of course, was the quintessence of Thatcherism—unless it was ignoring establishment economists.

■ Hillary Rodham Clinton was seen in South America, her hair done in an Evita bun. We hope she gets the job down there, but she will probably be back.

■ It could have been worse. The Nobel Peace Prize this year could have gone to Jimmy Carter. Instead it went to Joseph Rotblat and the East–West arms-control dialogue that has proceeded for nearly forty years under the aegis of the Pugwash conference, named for the town in Nova Scotia where it first met. The Pugwash gatherings provided one of the earliest networking opportunities for Western and Soviet scientists and academics. Pugwash

The Week in Verse

Blacks having cheered, according to a poll,
The *O.J.* verdict, *Cochran* on a roll
Helped send another "message" to The Man
Conveyed by loony *Louis Farrakhan*.
A Million Men would answer Loony's call
(Though not so many made it to the Mall).
A Million Men (or less) heard *Chavis*' plea—
Who's late (and loot) of th' *NAACP*.
Their "message," if I've got it right, must go:
"We stand with Loony and the UFO
He claims brings news of white conspiracies—
Now may we have our 'reparations' please?"

Of those who could not get to *Washington*
Some nuts had clearly dried out in the sun
Of *Arizona*, where they bombed a train
To put the Feds on notice. They complain
Of federal agents on a killing spree—
And want another federal agency.
Perhaps you find the bombing just won't stop, oh!
When you're a wacky Son of the Gestapo.

Confronted with a looming budget bill,
Bill Clinton sent *his* message to the Hill:
He'd "gladly, gladly" head for *Arkansas*
Sooner than sign this budget into law
And all that he believed in thus betray—
Though *what* beliefs were outraged couldn't say.

A *Bosnian* ceasefire seemed at last commencing
(Not counting some last-minute ethnic cleansing).
The *Pope*, dispensing blessings from his store,
Said Masses in *New York* and *Baltimore*.
Italian judges, on their hobby pony,
Stuck feathers in their caps called *Berlusconi*.
A *Swedish* tax cut? *British* haute cuisine
Or flying pigs must be more often seen;
Yet from those new supply-side Swedes we saw go
A Nobel Prize to *Lucas* of *Chicago*.

—JUVENAL

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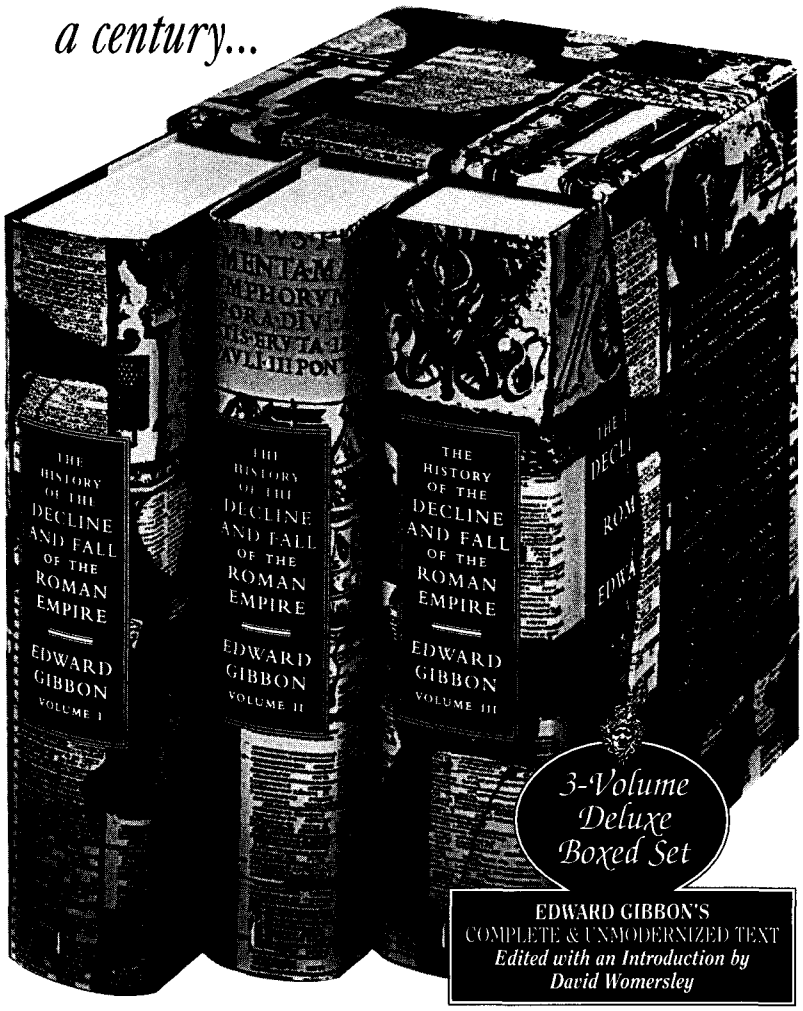

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—Horace Walpole

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was innocent enough in theory, though too often a forum of agitation against NATO defense policies and U.S. negotiating positions. The timing of the prize—the 50th anniversary of Hiroshima—was invidious too. But the grinding of molars, audible all the way from Plains, Ga., almost makes up for it.

■ The New York State Trial Lawyers Association has people walk every block of New York City recording any and all cracks in the sidewalks. By sending this record to the city government, they ensure themselves a case whenever someone trips. You can't call it ambulance chasing—they're there before the ambulance arrives.

■ Conservative economists on the far side of 45 have a special advantage when it comes to appreciating Nobel Prize–winner Robert Lucas's contribution. They were brought up on Paul Samuelson's *Economics*, which demonstrated, with crystalline examples and simple diagrams, how the right mix of government tax and monetary policy could banish the business cycle and ensure prosperity, and they came of age as Walter Heller and Gardner Ackley seemed to be proving Samuelson right. But then came the 1970s. Unemployment and inflation both rocketed to near record levels, violating the Phillips Curve (Samuelson, p. 344), in which higher inflation produces less unemployment. Robert Lucas spotted the flaw: When prices rise unexpectedly, producers initially think that things really have gotten better. They hire more workers until, as invariably happens, the price rise affects things that they themselves buy—notably labor. Producers eventually come to expect this chain of events and are no longer snookered by changes in monetary policy. With this simple insight Lucas showed that Emperor Keynes was naked. His critique became a rallying cry for young conservatives chafing under the interventionist consensus.

■ It would be kind of opportunistic, but one way Steve Forbes could protest the capital-gains tax is by leading a Millionaire Men's March on Washington.

And Nunn Makes Eight

Like coconuts on lofty palms
That sway among the fronds
And rarely fall but, when they do,
Go splat in hotel ponds,
The Senate Democrats resign
In stately fashion, but
The sound they make in Washington
(Splat!) apes the coconut.

—W. H. von Dreele

■ Even as congressional committees scrutinize the behavior of the FBI and U.S. Marshals at Ruby Ridge and Waco, the Environmental Protection Agency has developed its own "green" berets—147 gun-toting Special Agents with power to use force to seize records and make arrests, without court warrants. Sen. Lauch Faircloth (R., N.C.) has written the EPA inquiring by what authority its agents brandished guns in a raid on a shrimp farm in Ponce, Puerto Rico, in June 1990. The agents claimed the farm was in violation of wetlands regulations and seized the farm's records and some cash. Five years later John Pai White, the owner, has yet to get his money or his records back, even though no charges have been brought against him. In reply, EPA Administrator Carol Browner pointed to two paragraphs in the 1988 Medical Waste Tracking Act that give agents the power "to carry firearms; execute and serve warrants; and make arrests without warrants for the investigation of criminal violations of any law administered by the EPA." If that isn't bad enough, the EPA's "Firearms Policies and Procedures" were approved by Attorney General Janet Reno. It's a good thing the EPA wasn't sent to investigate kerosene emissions at Waco, or there might have been a three-way shootout.

■ *NR* senior editor Jeffrey Hart is seeking reparations for the efforts of his forebears to end slavery. One was a colonel in the Union Army's artillery. Another took time out from his work as an artist to paint documentary murals of battle scenes for the Union Army. Several others served in the federal ranks. Mr. Hart will be pleased to receive one dollar from every descendant of former slaves. Reparations may be sent to him care of *NR*.

■ Attention cybersurfers: *NR* is now on the World Wide Web. Get the latest buzz from *NR*'s Washington bureau, download files directly from our pages, send e-mail to the editors, and other neat stuff. Lock your computer to http://www.nationalreview.com.

■ Mr. John Wayne Bobbitt was seen bringing roses and candy in an effort at reconciliation with his snippish wife, Lorena. She wasn't having any of that, thank you, but we stand in awe at either his forgiveness or his courage.

The Two Nations

IN the 1930s, when James Burnham, later a founding editor of this magazine, was a young professor becoming committed to Marxism, he was recruited by Earl Browder, the head of the American Communist Party. Browder managed to explain all his party's doctrines but one: its endorsement, as dictated by Stalin's latest inspiration, of a separate state in the South for American blacks. Burnham knew that was a non-starter, and moved on to Trotsky.

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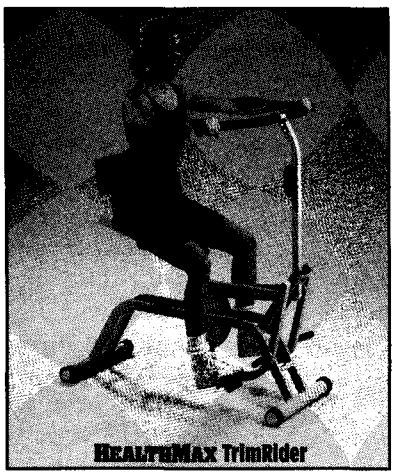

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How is it that what seemed fantastic sixty years ago, even in the heart of the totalitarian Left, can draw a Million Men (give or take a few hundred thousand) to Washington, and only *ad hominem* criticism of the march's sponsors?

There is a black American identity, partly out of free choice, partly because centuries of racism have been perversely reinforced by thirty years of misguided liberalism. Busing, quotas, affirmative action, wars on poverty (read: black poverty), urban renewal (read: inner-city renewal), victimology, multiculturalism, diversity—all conspire to set blacks apart, not in an affirmation of their culture or way of life, but because they are persuaded to feel they have no alternative in a racist white-majority America which wishes them ill.

This "community," so artificially maintained and so carefully hedged about, is experiencing a vacuum of leadership just now. Jesse Jackson has gone nowhere. The Congressional Black Caucus is a bunch of gerrymandered petty chieftains, who lost their institutional clout when the GOP took Congress. Black clergymen—and this is a bad legacy of Martin Luther King—have become what Burke called political theologians and theological politicians, as distracted in their way as their soulmates in the pulpits of the white Protestant mainstream. Into this void stepped Louis Farrakhan—scenery-chewing orator; leader of a thuggish cult; possible conniver in the murder of Malcolm X; inspired by visions from UFOs; expounder of the view that whites are devils produced by a prehistoric experiment in dysgenics on the island of Patmos; apologist for slavers, so long as they are Moslems who pay him off. This was his march; he was its "onlie begetter."

But take Farrakhan out of the march—and Alton Maddox, the lawyer who defended the hoaxster Tawana Brawley, and Farrakhan's aide, Khalid Mohammed, who praised the racist murderer Colin Ferguson—and would the march have been the worthy thing that earnest liberals claimed?

Self-help is a good thing—if the self is helped to the right goals. It is not good for blacks to talk up economic nationalism (even if they don't use Farrakhan's imagery of "bloodsuckers" to describe non-blacks who deal in black neighborhoods). Korean storeowners provide services for their customers. If a black storeowner wants to provide the service, let him offer a better product or a lower price. If responsibility is the goal, why converge on Washington—fount of the handouts that have done blacks such damage? Yes, that's where King marched in 1963—but by then, he was calling for welfare-state liberalism too.

The religious revival is an old feature of American life—older than independence. And celebrations of ethnicity have also been welcome, so long as they were combinations of good clean fun and Tocquevillian mediating institutions: the Columbus Day parade and the charitable society. There was a lot of this mixed up in the Million Man March. But American leaders, both black and white, have to sift it all out, and condemn the alloys.

Colin Powell, concluding his book tour *cum* campaign swing, had an ideal chance to do so, and he wimped out. "Let's let the people at the march make the judgment," he told reporters in New York on march day. "Let's trust them to make an informed decision [about] what is wisdom, and what is not wisdom." But that's what leaders are supposed to do. Instead, he worked at earning back his advance, and becoming President-by-coronation.

America will never become two literal nations. But, without hard thinking from men who would be leaders, and men who would be millions, we can be a house divided against itself—and, *pace* Lincoln, such houses can stand, unhappily, for a long, long time.

Play Hardball!

IN RECENT weeks, President Clinton has been on the offensive. He is buoyed by the early budget feelers sent out by Congress, by his own rebounding poll numbers (an astronomical—for him—61 per cent favorable rating) coupled with the corresponding dip in those for Congress, and finally by the seeming success of the charge that the GOP is cutting Medicare to pay for tax cuts for the rich. So, Clinton vetoed the appropriation bill that funds Congress—even while admitting it is properly austere—just to poke Bob Dole and Newt Gingrich in the eye. This bravado ignores a fundamental fact of the coming budget showdown: to win re-election President Clinton has to adopt the main elements of the GOP agenda. House Democrats can afford to be intransigent—they have safe liberal seats. The President doesn't, and he can't be seen as standing in the way of a balanced budget, or welfare reform, or even tax cuts.

That is easy to forget, given the difficulty the Republicans have had defending parts of their agenda, particularly tax cuts. Republicans organized a masterly drive to defend their Medicare reforms over the August recess; if they hadn't, some of the poll numbers would look even worse than they do. But the case for tax cuts was never made with the same thoroughness, leaving the way open for the Democrats' favorite charge. Which is as bogus as it is desperate. About $160 billion of the Republicans' Medicare savings goes to shoring up the Medicare Part A Hospital Insurance Trust Fund; according to the Medicare trustees' report, Part A—funded through payroll taxes—needs just about $160 billion of savings to stay solvent. The rest of the savings are in Medicare Part B, which is financed from the general budget. Can these savings be characterized as paying for tax cuts? No more than the $900 billion of other Republican savings. By what strange math does all this fund a mere $245-billion tax

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cut? And remember, $169 billion of the tax cut is funded through the interest savings the Congressional Budget Office estimates will accrue from putting the budget on a glidepath to balance.

The Democratic game here, played to perfection in 1990, is to shove Republicans off their principles and then denounce them for apostasy. The 1990 tax increase made it possible for Bill Clinton to outflank George Bush on that issue. Democrats are ready to do the same this year: insist with all their might, with conventional opinion at their back, that Republicans abandon their promise, then a few months later begin ripping them as untrustworthy, as typical Beltway politicians. They'd also love to be able to throw the tax-increase charge at Republicans—President Clinton gave it a tentative go recently in his weekly radio address—without the tax cuts to provide interference.

Republicans should be holding firm on the full $245 billion of tax cuts, already a compromise number. They can't water down their deficit-reduction plan, which the public—despite some softness on the specifics—clearly favors. Nothing would guarantee the extinction of the Republican majority as surely as backing off the promise of a zero deficit by 2002. Welfare reform—which the end-welfare-as-we-know-it President will have big problems vetoing—should be as tough and far-reaching as the Senate will allow. Only on Medicare reform should Republicans be willing to give a little—provided the dollars come out of spending cuts elsewhere in the budget, not out of the pockets of taxpayers through scaled-back tax cuts. In keeping with congressional Democratic practice throughout the 1980s, all this should be made as unpalatable for the President as possible. On the details—e.g., the appropriation riders relating to abortion and labor—it's the President's base, not the Republicans', that should be made to give.

No one remembers the details of budget squabbles. President Bush wasn't hurt by closing the Washington Monument for a day or two in 1990. He was crippled by his inability to articulate an agenda and wrest it from Congress. So, too, no one will remember the details of how Republicans got President Clinton to sign their agenda. But they will remember that the heart of the Contract made it into law, and that it was the resolve of the Republicans that made it happen. For winners, hardball is the only game in town.

No Metternich He

PRESIDENT Clinton delivered a major speech on foreign policy stressing the need for bipartisanship at home and U.S. leadership abroad, both of which he accused the Republican Congress of undermining. Since nothing Mr. Clinton does is divorced from electoral calculations, he and his political advisors must have thought that foreign policy had, all of a sudden, become a winning issue for him.

And indeed, a number of things seemed to be going well: Haiti was quiet; Israel and the PLO had just signed another agreement at the White House; Bosnia negotiations were looking up; the peace process in Northern Ireland was cooking along; and the Mexicans had even paid back part of their bail-out loan ahead of schedule. The President, in his speech, recited this list of accomplishments. He also hit the Republicans on a few issues on which Congress had indeed kicked over the traces: such as starving Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty (to finance maritime subsidies, for heaven's sake).

Conservatives should be pleased to see more attention paid to this nation's international responsibilities. All the more so since we don't share Mr. Clinton's illusions about how well he's doing. The successes he claims are precarious or bogus (Haiti, especially, fits the latter category). An Administration that has mishandled relations with the world's other major powers—showing naïveté toward Russia and China, and obtuseness toward Europe and Japan—is mortgaging America's future. And if the defense budget is adequate to sustain our world leadership, it will be Republicans who will deserve the credit.

There is indeed an isolationist undercurrent in the country. But it is in large part a reaction to Mr. Clinton's own misguided adventures (Somalia, Haiti, Bosnia). By eroding our traditional alliances, fumbling NATO's chance to consolidate the liberation of Central Europe, and allowing the nuclear programs of rogue states to continue, Mr. Clinton has done lasting damage to international stability—though this legacy may not be evident until years later. But where are the Republicans? It's up to them to demonstrate that they have a better grasp of our strategic necessities. Republicans' neglect of these issues in the presidential campaign so far does them little credit.

Open Letter

FROM: Editors, *NR*
TO: Newt Gingrich, Speaker, U.S. House of Representatives; Bob Dole, Majority Leader, U.S. Senate
RE: National suicide

THE national media appear to have ignored the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals' recent 6 to 5 decision striking down Arizona's 1988 Official Language initiative on the absurd grounds that it violated the First Amendment rights of a state employee who wanted to write her reports in Spanish although her supervisors spoke only English. (See Harold Johnson's report, p. 28.) You will readily grasp

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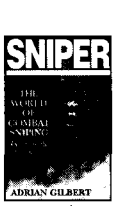

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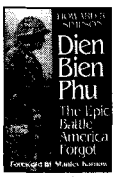

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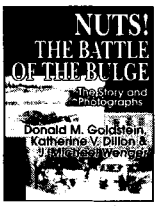

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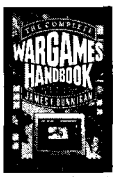

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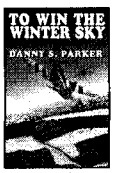

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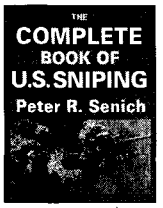

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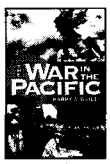

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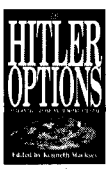

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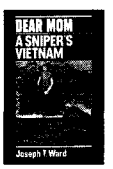

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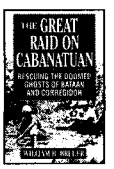

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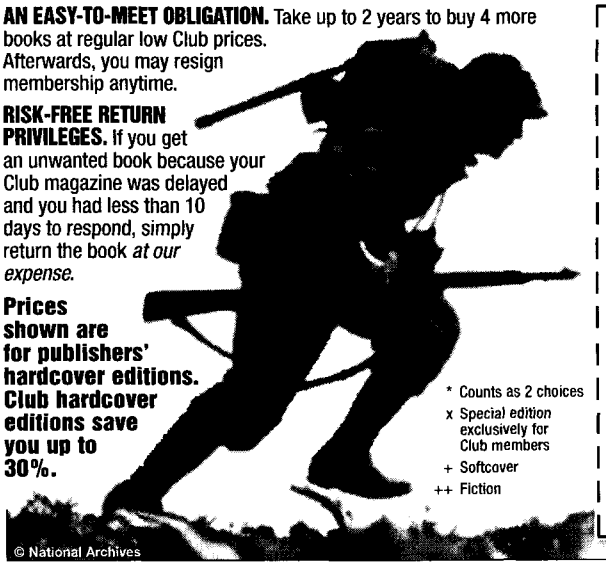
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that this is a giant step on the path toward national suicide. Judge Stephen Reinhardt, the Carter appointee who wrote the majority opinion, has actually said that in such circumstances it is up to supervisors to learn Spanish. We are now on the verge of judicially mandated bilingual, even multilingual, government.

Under the normal circumstances of recent years, it would now be up to the heroic Robert D. Park, chairman of English Language Advocates (4870 Butterfly Drive, Prescott, Arizona 86301), to appeal this decision to the U.S. Supreme Court. Because of the cowardice of the entire Arizona political establishment, Mr. Park as a private citizen has been the lone defender in the courts of the will of the people of Arizona, and the future of the American nation.

Normal circumstances, however, changed in 1994. Republicans now control the federal legislative branch. You, Mr. Dole, and you, Mr. Gingrich, are both on record as favoring official English. The time has come to do something about it. Congress should respond to saboteurs like Judge Reinhardt with a constitutional amendment, stating simply that English is the official language of government and the ballot, and that Congress is authorized to implement this measure with appropriate legislation.

NR is constantly being told by fraternal critics of its immigration policy that conservatives should focus not on immigration, but on assimilation. Here is a case where the assimilative mechanism has plainly broken. You have the power to do something about it. We have no doubt that our conservative critics will welcome this chance to demonstrate their good faith by supporting you.

cc: All Republican presidential candidates
The American Spectator
The Weekly Standard
Robert Bartley, *Wall Street Journal*

Condition Fair

With docs on board (the AMA
Says Medicare is A-OK)
And with the Senate joining in
As if Bob Dole and Newt were kin,
The patient leaves Intensive Care
For semi-private status, where
A District cop is posted to
Keep Hillary from kicking through.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Blessed Are the Wise

THE Pope came, and the Pope went, gladdening the hearts of Catholics, and amazing everybody else with his energy, his good cheer, and his vocation to preach. Among the amazed were liberals, who celebrated what the second paragraph of the *New York Times*'s front-page story called the Pontiff's "support . . . for openness to immigrants and a continuation of American social programs for the poor." A rebuke for Newt from the Throne of St. Peter.

Anyone who knows about the Devil and Scripture turned to page B2, where the *Times* carried the text of John Paul II's speech at Newark Airport. The Pope did indeed say that the "United States has been a haven for generation after generation of new arrivals" who had built "a society of rich ethnic and racial diversity." But he also defended the rights of nations, including their right to exist, and he said that this nation had crystallized around "a shared vision. . . . Of the United States we can truly say, 'E pluribus unum.'" When the Pope said "we," he was being characteristically generous. He says "E pluribus unum," and the coins say it, but hardly anybody else in America does any more, least of all liberal immigration enthusiasts.

When he called for "compassion, generosity, and concern for others," especially in a superpower "model" of democracy, he was making the point—no less profound for being obvious—that America is a country of astonishing riches and opportunities, with a dismaying collection of social problems. The choice of the proper means for addressing them the Pope leaves where the doctrine of his church has traditionally left it, to politicians and citizens, informed by wisdom—which, if the last fifty years is any guide, needs more sustenance than the *New York Times*.

Alec Douglas-Home, RIP

ALEC Douglas-Home, who died on October 9, exemplified a style of politics and an ideal of public service that have vanished from politics in Britain as elsewhere. Indeed, they had all but disappeared by the time he became Prime Minister in 1963, a position he held more briefly than any other incumbent of Downing Street this century, except Bonar Law. Combined with his aristocratic appearance and demeanor—he had renounced an earldom in order to become Prime Minister—his old-fashioned style of politics made him a favorite target of a new generation of journalists to whom he appeared a ludicrous figure, one better suited to the grouse moor than the hustings.

Despite his alleged shortcomings (and a famous ignorance of economics) he took a demoralized party from certain catastrophe to within range of victory in

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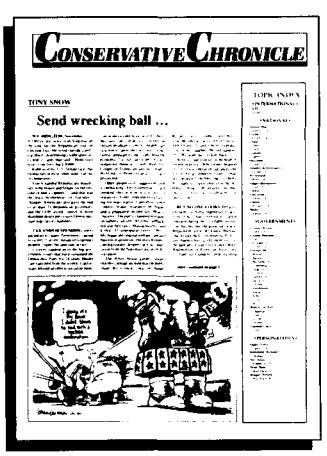

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1964. Though there was no compelling reason for him to do so, he resigned as party leader a year later in the belief that a new leader would be a unifying force. Ironically, it was his successor, Edward Heath, who laid the foundation of a European policy that has divided the Conservative Party more bitterly than any other issue since the Second World War.

The charge of amateurism that was leveled at him both as Foreign Secretary and as Prime Minister was entirely false: he had thought more deeply about the nature and exercise of power internationally than any of his cabinet colleagues. His warnings of Soviet expansionism were prescient; his expulsion of 105 named Soviet spies against the advice of many experts was courageous (as had been his criticism as a backbench MP of Churchill's betrayal of the Poles at Yalta). He was less ruffled by Kennedy's policy toward Cuba than the neurotic Macmillan, as well as less optimistic about the prospects for African nationalism. He was cooler about the idea of European integration than either Macmillan or Heath. He was a steadfast friend of the United States.

Despite his brief tenure as Prime Minister, his reputation has improved modestly in recent years, while his personal qualities—particularly his innate honesty and sense of public duty—have come to be more admired even as they have been less often emulated.

—GERALD FROST

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I've always figured—and trusted—that you would be among the last (maybe the very last) to give up on the distinction between *who* and *whom*. But then I read this sentence in "On the Right": "Well then, *who* did he have in mind?"

What happened?

Cordially,
Bruce E. Douglass, MD
Rochester, Minn.

Dear Dr. Douglass: Sorry, but I moved years ago to the whom-only-after-a-preposition school. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Ralph de Toledano's accusations concerning Johann Sebastian Bach's achievement must not go unchallenged.

A few weeks ago he wrote, presumably with a straight face, that "Bach never attained the musical depths and heights of Monteverdi. If this is heresy, so be it." It is, and we can't let it stand.

If that was not enough apostasy for one review, Mr. Toledano went on to write, "It may be heretical to say this, but Bach seems more interested in structure than in any transcendent message. The greatness of Bach as a composer," he concludes, "emerges much more clearly in such secular works . . ." and he lists three of them.

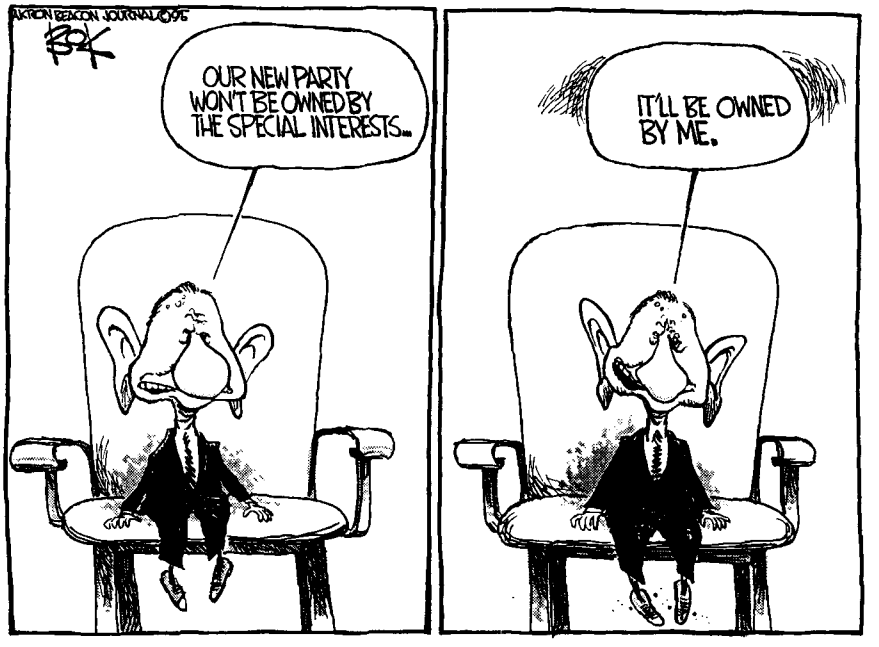
These broad statements leave even the most casual Bach listener aghast. The *St. Matthew* and *St. John Passions*, to use only two of hundreds of worthy examples, are among the most powerful religious compositions ever put on paper. Their structure, to be sure, is the very model of Teutonic orderliness, but the transcendent is clearly the motivating factor, the measured power of the Gospels in beautiful musical form.

More interested in structure than in the transcendent? This about the very same Bach who composed a different, and stirring, piece for every Sunday of the church year *not* from duty but to the glory of God? In your wonderful valentine to Bach—republished in *Happy Days Were Here Again*—you mentioned the phrase *Soli Deo gloria*, To God alone the glory—which Bach inscribed on all his compositions.

I have read Mr. Toledano for years, and know him to be a reliable and even cheerful writer in the main. We have too few gifted music reviewers. He is usually the rare exception. Would that he would come to see the error of his ways.

Warm regards,
Tim [Goeglein]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Tim: No comment. I mean, you're right. Cordially,
Bill
—WFB



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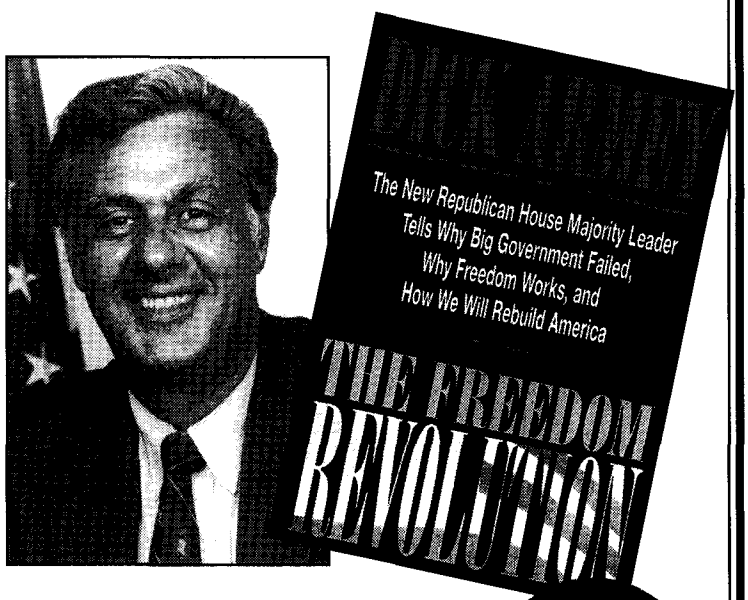
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- "Compassion without understanding can be cruel."
- "You no longer have to be knowledgeable at all to be an expert. You just have to be 'concerned' or 'passionate.' . . . I will never forget the congressional hearing I once watched on agriculture policy. The witnesses: Jane Fonda, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek—on hand to share the knowledge they'd recently acquired playing farm women in movies. . . .
- "Republicans, haunted by the fear that the public will not understand, are reluctant to state their views bluntly. Democrats are always afraid the public will understand, so they distort information early and often."
- "You can't put your finger on a problem when you've got it to the wind."

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CAPITAL SCENE

Mrs. Smith Goes to D.C.

RICH LOWRY

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

REP. Linda Smith (R., Wash.) chuckles at a headline: "Funds for former Speakers would be killed under a proposal pending before Congress." The proposal is hers; she recounts how one day a constituent tried to reach her district office, but instead got the office of former Speaker Tom Foley, and learned that three federally funded staffers still work there. The constituent reported this to his Representative and soon freshman Smith was on the House floor working to eliminate the $1-million kitty for former Speakers. She explains how with similar brook-no-compromise directness she plans to end the big-money corruption of Washington, D.C.

"I've done this before," says the fast-talking former tax consultant. "And I know how hard it is. I've passed this in our state—and it was hard. It's personal. People that have been in for years, including staff and groups, fight tooth and nail. You'll always hear, 'Well, this isn't constitutional no matter what you do.' . . . They come out just starting to pound you; the reality is a lot of the special groups aren't going to like it."

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

They're not the only ones. The Smith proposal on campaign-finance reform represents a Republican freshman populism that on certain issues (others include trade and foreign policy) can only make the House leadership, and any defender of traditional Republican principles, cringe. Campaign-finance debate features two opposing visions: an essentially laissez-faire willingness to let people make their own decisions, against a confidence in the ability of government to legislate virtue. Mrs. Smith and some colleagues are ready, on this issue, to ignore the law of unintended consequences and break out the government regulation.

Consider Linda Smith's Washington state reforms. The Republican Party hatched the reform idea (which plenty of politicians besides Mrs. Smith had a role in pushing) as a way to sever the ties between Washington Democrats and unions, which were funneling members' dues directly into Democratic coffers. The reforms, passed in 1992 in a state-wide initiative, are credited with doing that, but the strict limits on individual and PAC contributions have hardly created campaign nirvana.

Money still talks, but in more imaginative ways. The state trial lawyers' PAC has split itself into several different PACs to comply with the limits while still shelling out big bucks. Other PACs have created spin-offs to make "independent expenditures" in specific races. Meanwhile, the state Public Disclosure Commission is busy interpreting the law in ways its drafters never imagined. "I've never seen a case where campaign-finance law has had the desired effect," says Washington-state consultant Brett Bader. Even the Republican caucus in the state Senate—Rep. Smith's alma mater—is suing the PDC over a ruling that would crimp *its* fundraising.

Linda Smith, nonetheless, is on to something. Political reform must take a back seat to balancing the budget and other wholesale changes, but it holds potential benefits, especially among Perot voters. The first occasion for House Republicans to act in this area is the gift-ban and lobbying-disclosure legislation passed by the Senate in July by 98 to 0. A margin that big tends to indicate that legislation is either harmless or monumentally stupid. In this case it's mostly the former, although some grassroots conservatives still worry that it could have a chilling effect on their activities. The House leadership now plans to take up the Senate bills before the end of the year.

That still leaves the thornier issue of campaign finance. Rep. Smith wants a go at it as soon as possible. In the Senate, legislation sponsored by John McCain (R., Ariz.) and Russ Feingold (D., Wisc.) will probably be offered on the floor sometime this year, ensuring a drawn-out floor battle (Mitch McConnell of Kentucky can be counted on to filibuster). In the House, the arrival date probably isn't until January. Freshman Zach Wamp (Tenn.), who has drafted a fairly sensible compromise bill, is pushing for a "reform week" about the time of the State of the Union; every day a different freshman would offer a reform, dealing with issues like congressional pensions and campaign finance.

What should a campaign-finance reform bill look like? Linda Smith's would ban PACs from contributing to congressional candidates; curtail the "soft money" that goes to political parties; require candidates to raise all their non-party money in their home state; ban gifts entirely; reduce franking during election years (a sorely needed reform); cut back on the ability of candidates to loan themselves money. McCain's version—essentially what Democrats have always pushed—goes further by creating a limit on Senate campaign spending and adding a quasi-public-financing component (candidates who agree to abide by the limit get free TV time and cut-rate postage).

If money is the root of all evil in American politics (all the "radical middle" guys think so: Ross Perot, Bill Bradley, Colin Powell, Pat Buchanan) then the drastic Smith–McCain ap-

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proach makes sense. But academic studies seem to indicate otherwise; they suggest that party, ideology, and constituent interests determine votes, with cash just providing reinforcement. The real structural problem is that incumbents get elected 90 per cent of the time. And the best way to address that is to make it *easier* for challengers to raise money. (The 1994 House campaign-reform bill set the spending limit for House races at $600,000, which, according to the Heritage Foundation, just happens to be the threshold at which challengers begin to become competitive.) Professor Anthony Corrado of Colby College suggests allowing *more* money to go to the parties, which fund challengers, and *raising* the individual contribution limit, and perhaps making *looser* rules for challengers to raise their first $100,000.

Hitting PACs, meanwhile, may be a great gesture. But an outright ban may well be unconstitutional (the Supreme Court considers campaign contributions an exercise of free speech.) And the "special interests" PACs represent are, for the most part, just normal Americans. Freshman Rep. Bob Ehrlich (R., Md.), who credits PACs with giving him the resources to beat a wealthier opponent, remembers getting attacked at a forum for accepting the money. So he asked all the nurses in the room to raise their hand, all the farmers, etc. "After about a minute I had every hand in the room up," he says. "I told them every hand in this room is a special interest and if you don't want me to represent you, that's fine."

Drastic campaign reform is motivated by two impulses. The first is to take campaigns out of the unregulated hurly-burly of politics—where voters make their own decisions about the propriety of candidates—in favor of a realm controlled by the enlightened, where campaigns become sanitized, PBS affairs. In Kentucky individual contributions are limited to $500 and the state government antes up two dollars for every one raised by a candidate. The result has been less money for TV ads and a tamer, duller gubernatorial race. "When there are fewer ads, the race is less covered and, then, lo and behold, there is less [public] interest," says Tom Ochs, a Democratic consultant. (Linda Smith isn't impressed: "Have you ever seen a political ad on TV that throws any light on anything?")

The second impulse is political paranoia. Rep. Smith recalls her failed effort to kill a tobacco subsidy earlier this year: "Right after the tobacco vote, I was just sick. Because I looked at some of my colleagues and just for a brief moment my first assumption was they just all took enough money." She also notes pressure from contractors to vote for a recent defense bill: "Certain military contractors do very well when we have a war." Pat Buchanan has mastered the style, including harsh strictures on "foreign agents" in his reform proposal. The problem with this rhetoric—Congress for sale, foreign agents in our midst—is that it creates a presumption of corruption that no reform will dispel.

There's a phrase for buckling under to create new regulations designed to solve a problem that doesn't really exist: politics-as-usual. Which always has its uses. Linda Smith volunteers: "My intent is not to [run for governor in 1996] right now. I'm going to watch and see if there are any decent candidates . . . I'm not running, but I'm the top candidate by the polls." Don't be surprised if Mrs. Smith goes back to Washington. □

Embrace or Embargo?

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

PRESIDENT Clinton's new moves on Cuba have left more than a few observers confused. Is he getting tougher, or is he loosening the embargo? The day the President announced his Executive Order the *Washington Times* story was headlined "U.S. Plans to Tighten Its Embargo on Cuba," while the *New York Times* said "Clinton Signs Order Easing Travel, Aid, and Money Transfers Between U.S. and Cuba." Which is it? The Administration argues that it is both. The trade and financial embargoes have not been weakened. And making it easier for Cuban-Ameri-

Mr. Abrams, a Senior Fellow at the Hudson Institute, is a former Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

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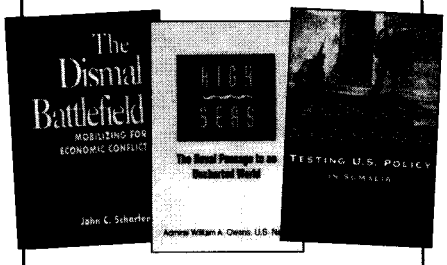

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cans to visit or send money to relatives on the island, for news agencies to open offices there, and for non-governmental organizations (NGOs) such as human-rights groups to set up there is actually subversive of Castro's regime. Indeed the President announced all this in a speech to Freedom House, which will receive $500,000 from the government to aid dissidents in Cuba, send in videos and pamphlets about human rights, and generally make itself unpleasant to the Communist regime. Nor can one easily criticize the increased access for Cuban-Americans; those with access to dollars received from relatives in Miami have replaced Communist Party stalwarts as the most privileged people in Cuba. Won't more of this undercut the regime just as it did in Communist Eastern Europe?

These arguments have led many conservatives to mute their protests about the Executive Order. A spokesman for Sen. Jesse Helms, who chairs the Foreign Relations Committee, reacted positively; the Cuban-American National Foundation was quiet. While Sen. Robert Dole attacked the moves, this can probably be attributed to presidential politics. The only strong criticism came from Cuban-American Reps. Ileana Ros-Lehtinen and Lincoln Diaz-Balart of Miami, but their reaction did not change many GOP minds.

Nevertheless, Mr. Clinton's actions did produce a good deal of nervousness among conservatives on and off the Hill. Since coming to office, the Administration has seemed to view the Cuba embargo as a fossil of the Cold War. Though Clinton pledged in a campaign speech in Florida to maintain the embargo, his top foreign-policy advisors —from Warren Christopher to Tony Lake, from the NSC's Richard Feinberg and Morton Halperin to Vice President Gore and his staff—are all thought to oppose it and to seek a more "enlightened" policy. This year's migration agreement, which pledged the United States to return many would-be refugees to Cuba, only sharpened conservative suspicions.

Moreover, Clinton's new moves may in fact cause Castro little harm. Additional dollars entering the island's economy, for example, arguably help the regime stave off economic collapse—even if they are dollars from Miami. Furthermore, Castro may not permit NGOs to open offices in Cuba. Or he may grant permits only to leftist groups.

And what about enforcement of the embargo? While new regulations will make enforcement more complicated, the Treasury Department's Office of Foreign Asset Control (OFAC) will get no new resources. Will there be a push to ensure that wholesale violation of the embargo does not become the rule? The very day that President Clinton announced his new moves and his absolute commitment to the trade embargo, fifty executives of major U.S. corporations flew into Havana for dinner with Fidel. Among the companies represented were General Motors, Sears, and Hyatt Hotels; Time Warner picked up the tab. Furthermore, far from being considered a possible violation of the embargo, the trip was approved by OFAC under a long-standing exception

Roberto Parada

permitting professional researchers to travel to Cuba. Since the travelers were manifestly businessmen rather than researchers, this approval makes a mockery of the embargo and suggests that despite its rhetoric the Administration intends to whittle it away.

Because of next year's election, the President does not want to squeeze Castro too tightly. Another refugee crisis could lose him Florida in November 1996 by offending the state's anti-immigration "Anglos" and blacks. On the other hand, he could equally lose the State if he lost the anti-Castro Cuban vote by challenging the embargo. The idea is that the President has moved now so that he will be able to leave Cuba alone next year.

Another explanation for the President's timing is the Helms–Burton bill, which has passed the House and is scheduled for a Senate vote in mid-October. Helms–Burton tightens the current embargo in several ways. It permits lawsuits against foreign corporations operating in Cuba and using property once owned by American citizens. Furthermore, it permits such suits by Cuban-Americans who were not American citizens when their property was confiscated, thus greatly expanding the number of possible plaintiffs. In addition, it reduces U.S. aid to countries that are aiding Castro, and limits imports from countries trading with Cuba.

The bill reflects the simple belief that, when it comes to pressure on Castro, more is better. This is not the Administration view: "We oppose the additional pain and suffering we would need to produce the pressure-cooker model," an unnamed "senior official" told the *Washington Post*. The Clinton changes are seen as an effort to head off Senate passage of Helms–Burton.

In fact there is no inconsistency between the Helms–Burton bill and the Clinton Executive Order. The bill will put additional pressure on the Cuban economy by deterring European, Canadian, and other foreign investment in Cuba; the Executive Order should put additional pressure on Cuban society by opening a few more windows to the outside world for its dissidents. However, Republicans think Administration officials oppose the bill because they are not, in fact, dedicated to removing Castro as soon as possible but are instead searching for a "soft landing"—a smooth transition rather than a speedy one. Many Cuban-Americans share this view. "What we need," one told me, "is a Clinton Watch." Will the Administration enforce the embargo, or will it wink at violations such as the Time Warner junket? Will the Executive Order mean that Freedom House, Amnesty International, and other serious human-rights groups are able to put more pressure on Castro, or will it mean that all the pro-Sandinista groups of yesteryear will begin to tour the island lobbying for an end to the embargo? Will there be continuing and adequate funding for real efforts to subvert the last tyranny in the Americas? At bottom, the question is whether this is another political calculation by President Clinton, or a real effort to bring Castro down. Republicans are dubious—and the Administration's battle against Helms–Burton only deepens their doubts. □

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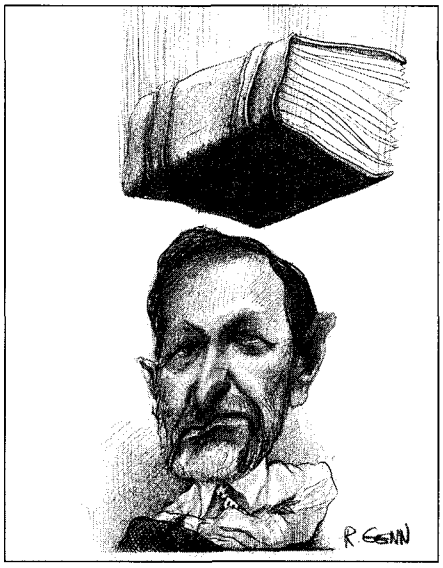

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THANKS to last November's vote Newt Gingrich became Speaker of the House of Representatives and David Bonior was denied the Majority Leader post he had expected to inherit. Bonior was not about to stand for this.

Immediately after the election, he began a campaign to unseat Gingrich. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that "Involved in the get-Newt effort are about two dozen individuals and organizations, some more actively than others. They include the Democratic National Committee, the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, House members and aides, political consultants, Common Cause, groups aligned with Ralph Nader, two defeated Gingrich opponents, and the House's former top lawyer. . . . [Bonior's] office has become a clearinghouse for negative Gingrich information. Tips flow from across the country and overseas."

Bonior's strategy is this: assist in the filing of multiple complaints against Gingrich with the House Ethics Committee, publicize the ethics charges with regular press conferences covered nationwide by C-SPAN, and by so doing create a negative public perception of Gingrich and build pressure to investigate him, so that Bonior can eventually demand the appointment of a so-called independent, outside counsel to get to the bottom of the "ethics question."

Bonior's political spitball tactics are working well. Recent leaks to the media from the Ethics Committee—whose proceedings are supposed to be secret—indicate that its members are considering an outside counsel, just as Bonior had hoped. More months of anti-Gingrich press coverage are undoubtedly ahead.

From the attention lavished on Gingrich, one would think he was the only congressional author. In fact, there are dozens. As just one example, Vice President Al Gore wrote *Earth in the Balance* while serving in the Senate. So far he has received about $1 million in advances and royalties. Somehow the propriety of Gore's lucrative deal has escaped Bonior's attention.

And how would Bonior fare if the ethics tables were turned on him? Not well. Bonior himself once tried his hand at writing. Unfortunately for him, the result was a commercial bomb. Since his book, *The Vietnam Veteran: A History of Neglect*, was first published in 1984, he has sold slightly over 300 hardcover and 900 paperback copies.

There are, however, interesting disclosures in the book that may have unexpected consequences for the congressman. The most significant is that Bonior may have used congressional staff, working on government time, to help him write the book.

For instance, his co-author Steven Champlin. Champlin, now a lobbyist with the Duberstein Group in Washington, D.C., was on Bonior's staff when they wrote the book. In the Acknowledgments, Bonior thanks Sara Dufendach for ". . . read[ing] almost the entire manuscript, providing editorial comments, detailed criticism, and additional research." According to the *Almanac of the Unelected: Staff of the U.S. Congress* (1994), Miss Dufendach was on Bonior's payroll at the time, as "communications organizer coordinating special district-related projects."

Bonior also acknowledges Martha Pope for ". . . read[ing] nearly the entire manuscript and provid[ing] a final editorial review." Miss Pope—former Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell's chief of staff in 1989–90, and Senate Sergeant-At-Arms in 1991–94—was a "professional staff member" with the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee when she assisted Bonior.

Thus, the question: On whose time, and at whose expense, did these federal employees assist Bonior with his private book venture?

The *House Ethics Manual* states, "Federal law provides that official funds may be used only for the purposes for which they are appropriated." House Rule 43, Clause 8, provides, "A Member of the House . . . shall retain no one under his payroll authority who does not perform official duties commensurate with the compensation received in the offices of the employing authority . . ."

Moreover, several federal laws prohibit false or fraudulent claims for payment—for instance, 18 U.S.C. 1001 (making false statements or writings); 2 U.S.C. 287 (making false claims on the government); 2 U.S.C. 286 (conspiring to defraud the government on obtaining the payment of false claims); 18 U.S.C. 641 (knowingly stealing).

ON February 9, 1995, left-wing Congressman George Miller filed a complaint against Gingrich for Ralph Nader and the Congressional Accountability Project. They asked the Ethics Committee "to determine whether [Gingrich] is violating prohibitions against the private financing of office expenses by employing Joseph Gaylord, a consultant to GOPAC, to do official work."

Miller and Nader contend that any person in the private sector providing advice to a congressman is undertaking "official work" for the government. Hence, they claim the private-sector employer is "financing" the congressman's "office expenses" in violation of federal law and House Rules. If Miller and Nader were right (and they're not), then Bonior has his own problem: one Steven Jost, a Democratic consultant with the firm Fraioli/Jost in Washington, D.C.

The *Wall Street Journal* reported that Jost, like Bonior, is "a leader of the get-Newt crowd" and "a fundraiser for many Democrats, including defeated House Speaker Tom Foley." Jost also helped former Rep. Ben Jones during

Mr. Levin is director of legal policy at Landmark Legal Foundation and a contributing editor of NR.

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his failed bid to unseat Gingrich last year. Jones and Jost are two of those who have been scheming behind the scenes with Bonior to find a way to topple Gingrich. In fact, Bonior and Jost have been involved in virtually all of the ethics complaints filed against Gingrich.

Jost, a political consultant and confidant to Bonior, is not on the government payroll. So he flunks the Miller–Nader test.

Furthermore, federal disclosure reports reveal a cozy relationship between Bonior and the National Cable Television Association (NCTA), which represents the cable industry in Washington, D.C. In 1989, the NCTA paid Bonior $1,500 for a speech in Dallas. It also paid his airfare and two days' food and lodging. In 1991, with congressmen no longer able, as a matter of law, to accept honoraria, the NCTA paid $1,500 to a charity in lieu of an honorarium for another Bonior speech in New Orleans. It paid Bonior's airfare and three days' food and lodging. In 1992, the NCTA again paid $1,500 to a charity for a Bonior speech in Dallas. It treated Bonior and his wife to several days' food and lodging. Moreover, as of March 1995, federal records show that in recent years the NCTA's political-action committee contributed $15,000 toward Bonior's re-election efforts.

The *House Ethics Manual* states: "Regardless of any actual corruption or undue influence upon a Member . . . the receipt of gifts or favors from private interests may affect public confidence in the integrity of the individual and in the institution of Congress. Legitimate concerns may be raised by disclosure of frequent or expensive gifts from representatives of special interests . . . Thus, Members . . . should always exercise caution concerning the acceptance of gifts, favors, or entertainment . . . They should be particularly sensitive to the source and value of a gift, the frequency of gifts from one source, and possible motives of the donor."

The cable industry is often the subject of congressional interest. Although each cable-industry gift to Bonior, taken alone, may be appropriate, "the frequency of gifts from one source, and the possible motives of the donor" appear to violate House ethics standards.

Perhaps the outside counsel Bonior demands in the Gingrich case will pay him a visit as well. □

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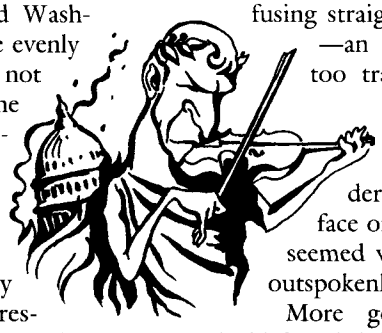
BREAD & CIRCUSES

I CONFESS that I love a guy in uniform, but the appeal of the military man of the moment is wearing thin. Colin Powell is flirting with the nation and the GOP. But will he respect them after the election?

Powell will announce his political intentions next month, and Washington prognosticators are evenly divided over whether or not he'll toss his helmet into the ring. Some Powell watchers are convinced that his innate caution will dictate enjoyment of his new prosperity and privacy rather than entry into the mean world of presidential politics. Others believe the rumor that Powell has hired a Republican polling firm and intends to announce his candidacy on Veterans' Day, in time to make a big splash in the November 18 straw poll in Florida.



If General Powell does decide to enter the Republican race, what kind of Republican will he be? His popular image is of someone who had to do it all himself, overcoming the obstacles of poverty and a racist society through intelligence and gumption. Powell did work hard, and deserves respect. But as *My American Journey* candidly reveals, his childhood was far more secure and comfortable than, say, Phil Gramm's. Powell was raised by loving, middle-class parents in the South Bronx of the Forties, a far cry from the living hell that is the South Bronx in the Nineties. He grew up in a racially mixed, harmonious neighborhood, and went to City College in New York at a time when academic standards were high and racial separatism was not preached. Powell's justifiable pride owes no debt to an Afrocentric curriculum.

Politically, however, Powell has shown little appreciation for the lessons to be drawn from the differences between life in pre-Balkanized New York and life in the racially tense city of today. Indeed, in the wake of the O.J. verdict, he has shown an uncharacteristic clumsiness in handling racial issues. The O.J. verdict itself, Powell says, "shows that the judicial system works." And though the sense of self-preservation he developed in the Army prevented him from joining Louis Farrakhan's march in Washington, he at first pleaded a schedule conflict rather than refusing straightforwardly to attend —an evasion that was all too transparent. Willing to offend conservatives (he is "disturbed by the class and racial undertones beneath the surface of [their] rhetoric"), he seemed wary of taking on the outspokenly bigoted Farrakhan.

More generally, Powell has tacked left and right as his political interests have dictated. Until a week or two ago, he was expressing liberal social views; he stated his opposition to a Balanced Budget Amendment, and declared the Contract with America "a little too hard, a little too harsh, a little too unkind." He called conservatives "Neanderthals." His few genuflections in a conservative direction were vague tributes to the family and fiscal restraint, without any particular policy agenda, rather as if Bill Clinton had stepped up to the Republican mike. Indeed, he frankly said that "neither of the two major parties fits me comfortably in its present state."

How did he choose which party to flirt with? He explained that the Democratic Party "is not alive and well like the Republican Party is." Instead of rescutitating the Democrats, however, he seems more interested in tailoring the GOP to his own measure. But first he has to capture it. He duly tacked rightwards in an interview with *Le Figaro*. Suddenly the Contract with America was marked by "energy, life, and a will to change." Even Newt Gingrich came in for a compliment. As for Powell himself, he pronounced himself "slightly to the right of center."

Initially, this may well work. As several polls have demonstrated, there is probably a larger popular audience for Powell than there is for his establishment opinions, including among GOP primary voters. But this popularity makes Powell a very valuable resource to those who *do* agree with his views. And who might they be? Over the past few months, says Powell, he has become aware of plenty of Rockefeller Republicans who have been "somewhat silent."

Now, liberal Republican committee chairmen on Capitol Hill may not have had time to talk to Colin Powell, but their "voice" is being heard loud and clear. They have been working feverishly to derail the conservative revolution. Is it, then, the rank-and-file Rockefeller Republicans to whom Powell intends to give a voice? If he has met large numbers of *them*, he must have spent the summer in Connecticut or Rhode Island. And any impression that they represent the country's Republican voters is unlikely to be dislodged by his book tour, where he reportedly signs a thousand books an hour with barely a glance at the grateful purchaser, before he's off to his next star-struck press interview.

SO, IF he were to enter the Republican primaries, Colin Powell would be undertaking the political mission of transforming a vibrant, conservative GOP into a pre-1964-style progressive GOP. Since Clinton's election, 142 Democratic officeholders have switched to the Republican Party. There are a record number of Democratic retirements from the Senate, and when the Republicans succeed in delivering on their agenda, there will be a boatload of Democrats retiring from the House. The current state of the GOP should suggest another maxim for Powell to add to his famous list of rules: "If it ain't broke, don't fix it."

But Colin Powell seems to believe that a fix *is* needed. He ignores the success of the conservative coalition. Having operated for years in official Washington, he appears to have internalized liberal orthodoxy on the permissible limits of political discourse.

But the Republican Party might not be the only casualty if Powell runs. He is currently enjoying the admiration of the nation. But would the Powell legend survive a run for the Presidency that pitted him not only against Bill Clinton, but also against the dominant conservative wing of the GOP? And all on behalf of the country-clubbers, of whom there were few in the Bronx, the Army, or even the Reagan White House.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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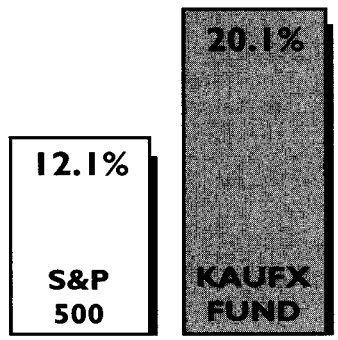

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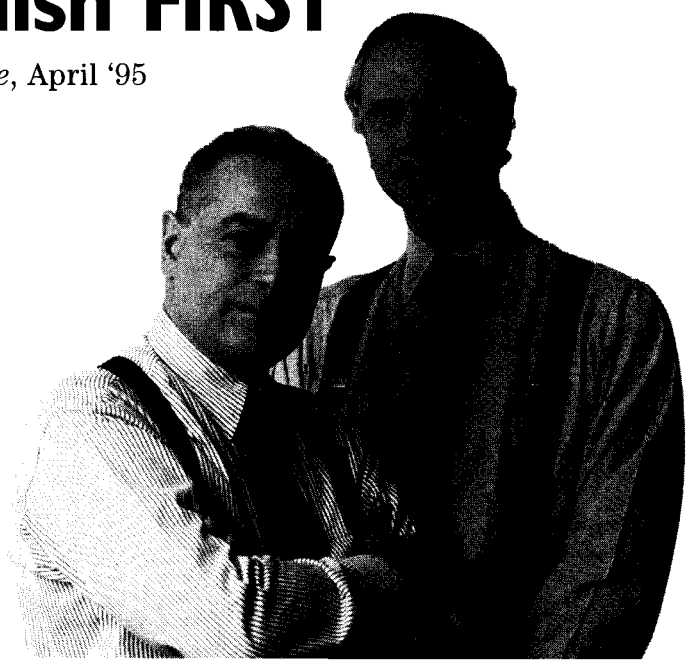

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ON THE SCENE

Speaking in Tongues

HAROLD JOHNSON

Roberto Parada

PASADENA

SOME lawyers call it the "Steve and Alex Show"—the occasional stylized jousting between two heavyweights on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, the federal appellate authority for California and eight other Western states.

On the Left: Judge Stephen Reinhardt, champion of an unrepentantly activist-liberal jurisprudence, husband of the head of the Southern California ACLU, outspoken foe of the death penalty whose last-minute delaying decree in one celebrated case provoked a midnight order from the Supreme Court to knock it off so the execution could go forward.

On the Right: Judge Alex Kozinski, toast of many a Federalist Society banquet and libertarian potluck, give-no-quarter defender of the free market, emigrant from Rumania at age 11, one of the brainiest of the judicial stars raised to the bench by Ronald Reagan and Edwin Meese—and, when he got the job at age 35, the youngest federal appellate judge in this century. Maybe even more important, a Nintendo game reviewer and an accomplished magician with membership in the Magic Castle in Los Angeles, the elite club for prestidigitators. (Hence one more difference between him and liberal jurists: He pulls rabbits out of hats, not out of penumbras and emanations.)

For the most part, the sparring between these two eminences, if sometimes seasoned with sharp sarcasm, has been governed by decorum and expressions of respect. That fact made it even more jarring recently when Reinhardt, writing a special concurrence to his own majority opinion in a close decision, tossed Queensberry rules to the wind and became a geyser of vitriol.

"Judge Kozinski callously ignores the interests of people. . . ."

"[N]ot a word of concern for the less fortunate among us finds its way into Judge Kozinski's opinion."

"Judge Kozinski trots out a parade of horribles that he insists will come to haunt us if we do not accept his absolutist, authoritarian view. All his examples are absurd."

The issue that called down this brimstone? In a word, words. What words, if any, can taxpayers, as the ostensible employers of government workers, require those workers to speak and write in their official capacity? The 11-member appeals court was ruling on Arizona's Official Language amendment to the state constitution. Enacted by Arizona voters in 1988, it declares English the state's official tongue and requires "the state and all political subdivisions to act in English and in no other language."

Unconstitutional! thundered the Ninth Circuit majority in the 6 to 5 decision. The free-speech rights of public employees are trampled by forcing them always to do their business in the nation's predominant tongue. An English-language requirement also "unduly burdens" the "speech interests of a portion of the populace they serve," Judge Reinhardt wrote.

It was Kozinski's laser-like dissent—honing in on the ruling's disruptive implications for the relationship between government and its employees, and on the radical contortion of the First Amendment—that caused Reinhardt to lose his cool.

As it happens, Reinhardt himself has a number of people steamed, beginning with Robert D. Park, director of English Language Advocates in Scottsdale and the leader of the drive to enact the official-language measure. "This decision is a slap at the voters of Arizona," he complains, "a denial of their right to set reasonable rules for operating the government agencies they underwrite."

Tilting lances with the establishment is nothing new for Mr. Park. All Arizona's major newspapers and nearly all the state's prominent politicians opposed the initiative (one exception was Barry Goldwater, who served as honorary chairman of the campaign). Although former Sen. S. I. Hayakawa of California came to stump for it and the Washington-based lobby U.S. English provided financial help, the real engine was an enthusiasm at the grass roots. Still, after a torrent of publicity for opponents in the campaign's closing days, the proposal just squeaked onto the books, with 50.5 per cent of the vote.

A GROUP of lawyers who had opposed the Official Language act immediately headed to federal court, recruiting as plaintiff a state insurance-claims processor named Maria-Kelley Yniguez. She had been producing some of her official reports in Spanish (though her supervisor understood only English), and she argued that the English-only rule unconstitutionally gagged her.

A federal district judge agreed, and the governor at the time, Democrat Rose Mofford, declined to appeal. Unwilling to let his cause die for want of a defender, Robert Park stepped forward. He has been the principal litigant to uphold the law from that time forward. (The current governor, Republican Fife Symington, had opposed the measure during the campaign for its enactment, and apparently he hasn't

Mr. Johnson is an editorial writer at the Orange County Register.

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changed his mind since taking office; he has not filed an amicus brief in its defense.)

Several state legislators have lined up with Park, however, including Don Aldridge, Republican speaker pro tem of the House. He cites a citizenship swearing-in ceremony in Arizona last year that was conducted largely in Spanish; he worries that the failure to promote English proficiency is marginalizing many Hispanics.

"I went to grade school in a tiny schoolhouse on a ranch near Nogales during World War II," Aldridge recalls. "Of the 45 kids in my class, 43 were Hispanic. But our teacher demanded that everybody speak English. You'd get a switch across your rear end if you didn't. Well, we had a reunion not long back, and my Hispanic friends from all over the country came, and we all reminisced about how much we appreciated that teacher. Many of my classmates had become quite successful. Compare that with the bilingual ed that's in our schools today. It postpones the learning of English and sidelines a lot of people for life."

The Official Language measure does not end bilingual schooling or multilingual ballots or similar mandates from Washington for Babel-like policies. But it does send a message of discontent to federal policymakers. And proponents say it can enhance government efficiency by reining in linguistic separatists within the bureaucracy such as Miss Yniguez.

TO justify voiding the measure, Judge Reinhardt insisted on giving it the most expansive interpretation possible. He claimed it would bar government workers from speaking in a language other than English at any time, to anyone, during the work day. So no state employee could talk with any resident who can't speak English.

"Nonsense," says attorney Barnaby Zall, who argued the case for Park and English Language Advocates. "The mandate is only that official acts—documents or other pronouncements enforceable against the state in court—be in English. There is no ban on translation, or on mere conversing in a language other than English." Arizona's attorney general offered a similarly narrow reading, but the Ninth Circuit majority showed little interest in deferring to state officials in interpreting the state's own law. No surprise there: for the court to have shown some deference might have implied that states are more than administrative subdivisions and actually retain some meaningful rights and prerogatives. Mustn't let that idea get any traction.

The precise requirements of the initiative may be open to debate, but one thing about this case ought to be clear: The sweeping doctrine that Reinhardt conjures up to kill Arizona's law—the new First Amendment right to language diversity—carries potential for radical mischief, extending beyond the question of whether a Department of Motor Vehicles clerk is free to excoriate you with foreign expletives.

Government employees traditionally have been regarded as agents and representatives of their employer, not as freelancers promoting individual agendas. That understanding is undermined, to put it mildly, by Reinhardt's convoluted

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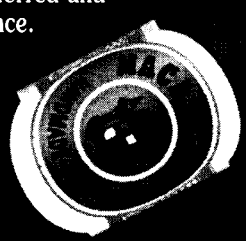

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logic. If government can't prescribe for its employees the language in which they are to discharge their duties, can it constitutionally insist on conformity with any other workplace policies or, indeed, with any of its general public policies?

"Almost everything government does involves a communication of some sort, and those charged with carrying out government functions sometimes disagree with what they are ordered to say or do," Kozinski notes. ". . . Today's decision . . . [gives] bureaucrats the right to turn every policy disagreement into a federal lawsuit," arguing that their First Amendment free-speech rights take precedence.

It is that analysis that goaded Reinhardt into his hot-headed lecturing of a Rumanian immigrant on sensitivity to non-English speakers.

The whole case may be, above all else, another reminder that liberals aren't always conversant in the language of common sense. □

In Darkest England

ANTHONY DANIELS

Fred Carlson

WINCHESTER

WHY should America have all the best trials? No sooner had the O. J. Simpson case ended than, in England, the trial began of Rosemary West, who is accused of torturing, raping, and murdering ten girls and young women, including her own 16-year-old daughter. All except one were buried in or around the Wests' house, Number 25, Cromwell Street, Gloucester. National pride has been restored by the worldwide interest in this macabre tale, English perversion being proved once again as perverted as any in the world.

The trial is taking place in Winchester, a small and sedate city which was once the capital of England, and is now known mainly as the retirement resort of admirals and generals. Unaccustomed to the attention of the press, Winchester has been invaded by an international media circus—though no cameras are allowed in the courtroom, and the seats for the press are strictly limited. One does not have to be Nostradamus to predict the publication soon after the trial of several books about the case.

Mrs. West is a 41-year-old woman of matronly appearance who denies the charges and has spent her months of captivity before trial calmly knitting clothes for her grandchildren. (Her husband, the late Frederick West, spent most of his time in prison playing pool with the wardens. He hanged himself shortly before his trial, much to the glee of the other prisoners, who loudly cheered the news of his demise.) If Mrs. West is found guilty, her knitting is surely destined to become as legendary as that of Madame Defarge.

A case such as this comes but once a decade, and it must be admitted (if somewhat shamefacedly) that it has added immensely to the gaiety of the nation. As the police pursued their archaeological investigations into the floors and gardens of Number 25 (as the Wests' house became familiarly known), no dinner party was complete without speculation as to how many corpses the forces of law and order would ultimately find.

I myself happened to be at a dinner party in a village a few miles from Gloucester on the day when the sixth and seventh batches of human remains were discovered interred under the kitchen. Frederick West was a builder, and one of the guests at the dinner party was a doctor whose office had been extended by him. He displayed distinct signs of unease. Another of the guests had considered employing Mr. West to build a conservatory he had wanted to add to his house, but something in the builder's manner, a *je ne sais quoi*, persuaded the guest not to employ him, despite West's considerate willingness to delay the work until the prospective employer went on his vacation.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that speculations about many more buried cadavers, as yet undiscovered, became rife: after all, about five thousand people a year disappear without trace in Britain.

In the meantime, Number 25, Cromwell Street, Gloucester, has become something of a national monument. The street is run down and shabby, with torn and ill-fitting curtains drawn across people's windows even during the daytime. The paint is peeling everywhere: indeed, Cromwell Street seems to epitomize the slovenliness of modern England.

Next door to Number 25 is a hideous and mean little Seventh-Day Adventist Church, that seems to be making the best of its neighbors' perfidy. It offers, according to a poster, "cast-iron security in an insecure world," and "peace and sanity in a mad, mad world." "Are you missing joy, happiness, contentment, peace?" it asks. I had no idea the Adventists had such a sophisticated sense of humor.

THE windows of Number 25 have been covered over; the front and back yards are raw earth and gravel, in which nothing, not even a blade of grass, grows. More than 18 months after the discovery that Number 25 was a mass murderer's lair, a steady stream of cars crawls by, with people hanging out of the windows to take snapshots of it. For myself, I began to wonder what would be the eventual fate of Number 25: would it be pulled down, as if bricks and mortar were themselves the source of human evil? Surely it could more profitably be turned into a waxwork chamber of horrors—Madame Tussaud's Goes West—in order to revive Gloucester's struggling tourist industry, the medieval city having been comprehensively destroyed by the city council, as only a British city council knows how.

As the prosecution unfolded its case, and the details of what had been done at Number 25 were revealed, the general

Dr. Daniels is the author of Utopias Elsewhere.

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attitude to the case became rather more grim and somber. Horror is amusing so long as it remains baroque or rococo; in the realist style, it is far less alluring.

It was alleged that the Wests cruised the streets together in search of victims to entice to their home, Mrs. West's presence acting as a reassurance. She took full part in the sexual assaults herself—the prosecutor said—and tied up, whipped, beat, and abused the victims. One of them, who lived to tell the tale, described how Mrs. West went out in the middle of these sadistic activities to make a cup of tea for her: a peculiarly English touch to the story, one feels.

Perhaps the most alarming aspect of the revelations so far is that, just as the Communists of the *Communist Manifesto* "disdain to conceal their opinions," so the Wests apparently took few pains to disguise what they were doing, at least in the early stages: for in an age of relativism, the psychopath is king.

Their next-door neighbor knew that the Wests were bringing defenseless young women home, an activity of which Mr. West openly boasted to her, and that the Wests were—to put it delicately—sexually ravenous. Frederick West also told his neighbor that he might use his cellar as a torture chamber. Moreover, he was once arrested when one of his victims, having been abducted and raped by him and then let go, went to the police. He was merely fined, however, for indecent assault, an example of lenient penal policy that definitely did not conduce to public welfare.

Of course, everyone is now trying to extract the real meaning of this sad case, as quinine is extracted from cinchona bark. For example, a columnist of the liberal *Guardian* agonized as to whether he was being hypocritical in telling his children about the Holocaust and ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, but not about the horrors of provincial England. Is Cromwell Street, then, Britain's Auschwitz and its Rwanda rolled into one? Call me insensitive, but I still see a slight difference.

No, the lesson so far of the West case is one that is distasteful to our modern age, with its gimcrack *you can have it all, be all you can be, go with your feelings* philosophy: that not all sexual impulses are equal and that some sexual activity is distinctly nasty and ought not to be tolerated. Obvious, but frequently denied. □

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help

And Then There Were Nine

It's really gotten down to two.
The other Indians won't do,
While those remaining (Gramm and Dole)
Upstage each other for a role
That out-of-town reviews suggest
Would have discouraged Edna Best.
Meanwhile, off stage, Perot rehearses
As Haley Barbour mutters, "Curses!".

W. H. VON DREELE

"Being of unsound mind, your late relative has left everything to the Foundation for Psychiatric Care."

"On the other hand, if you're looking for something more durable . . ."

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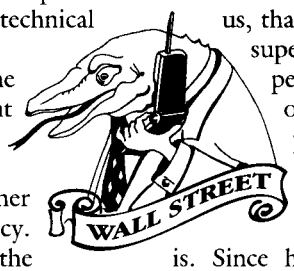
GEKKO

MY father, who spent half a lifetime successfully navigating the Foreign Service, once gave me the key to bureaucratic power: "Turn everything into a technical question."

That's the secret of the Maastricht Treaty, a blueprint for turning the European Community into a supreme state through, among other methods, a unified currency. The idea is to gloss over the roughly two thousand years of bad news that followed the defeat of the Romans by the Germans at the Battle of the Teutoburger Wald by making European integration a question of central-bank intervention in forex markets or, perhaps, repo-rate coordination.



The notion that a superstate should be based on the principles of bureaucratic tactics rather than a common culture needed puncturing, and Bernard Connolly, a British monetary economist and our Hero of the Month, has done just that. Formerly a European Community mandarin in charge of the elite unit that monitors members' exchange rates, Connolly now awaits near certain dismissal after the publication of his book *The Rotten Heart of Europe*.

Connolly's main point is that "The true story of the Exchange Rate Mechanism [the intended precursor to monetary and political union] has been one of duplicity, skulduggery, conflict; of economic harm done to every country in the caste interests of the elite; of the distortion of economic logic and the dilution of political accountability." He supports this with extremely detailed, and often amusing, accounts of the Eurocrats' attempts to promote currency "convergence" when economic trends in the member countries were diverging. You get the clear impression by the end of the book that he does not like French officialdom.

I found a mole, who had worked with Connolly, at the IMF/World Bank annual meeting in Washington early this month. He confirmed my instinctive sense of the man.

"We were all fond of Bernard—all of us, that is, except for some of his superiors. He is a very nice person, very kind to his subordinates. But he has a problem with authority, especially the authority of those who are not as intelligent or learned as he is. Since he is very intelligent and learned, this is a frequent problem."

Connolly's dissection of European Monetary Union has been moving from crank opinion to conventional wisdom over the last few weeks. For example, it has now dawned on the German small investor that his "ten year" bond supported by the full faith and credit of the Federal Republic will, in four years, instead be supported by the full faith and credit of a contentious association of states, some of which are feckless, debt-ridden, and inflation-prone. Rather than join what some insensitive European bond traders refer to as the Garlic League, that small investor has been sadly selling his Bunds and buying Swiss-franc-denominated securities instead. The Swiss National Bank has frantically tried cutting interest rates to avoid the export-bleeding run-up in the franc, but so far to no avail. Now the common talk in the bond community, and the whispered talk among the Eurocrats, is that there's no way EMU is going to happen in this century, and the next century is no sure bet. "Right now, the French don't look like they have the will to make it," says Connolly's colleague.

■ My goldbug friends—the ones who are still alive—think they've identified at least one of the central banks that have been putting pressure on the price of gold. "The Brazilians have put on a huge short position," says my source, whose suspicions are shared by others. "That's why the price is stuck just around $385 an ounce." The position is periodically covered as gold moves to the low end of its range—around $380. The problem comes if the Brazilians are short gold when it goes above $390. Then they would have to find gold to cover their short position.

If you are the central bank of a gold-producing country, such as Brazil, then you have reserves and production you can command to cover your short. Unless, that is, your short position isn't a modest income-enhancing hedge, but a huge gamble. Let's say that Brazil has effectively shorted several times as much gold as it actually controls. Then that might explain why someone is trying to hedge by leasing gold bullion, dramatically driving up lease rates—another interesting piece of market news. If all this is so, then gold might have its long-awaited breakout from this narrow range.

■ This IMF meeting was more subdued than ones in recent years. Speeches were mercifully shorter, there were fewer useless people cluttering up the Sheraton Washington, and there was more emphasis on getting your serious dealmaking done and hopping on the first plane out of D.C. One gets the impression that people who live off international financial crises are a lot less important than they were. An index of that is the clear decline from past years in the number of attractive young women with no particular occupation hanging around the delegates. As a class, these people have an infallible sense of who is important and who isn't any more. Apparently the private markets have taken over, and they're not as focused on the IMF honchos and their satellites.

—JOHN DIZARD

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NR West

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Duck, Duck, Goose

DAVID FRISK

WHEN GOP renegade Doris Allen quit her job as Speaker of the California Assembly on September 14—perhaps at the behest of calculating Democrats who foresaw her recall—a 33-year-old freshman, not even expected to win his seat last year, found himself one of Sacramento's top players. Now Brian Setencich's future as Assembly Speaker is the topic of the moment in state political circles.

Or so at least he would like to believe. For now, Setencich—a onetime basketball forward who tried out with two NBA teams and played in Italy—is just the latest of three lower-house Republicans who have scored for the wrong side since the GOP seemed to pull off a significant victory in taking the Assembly last November. As readers of these pages will recall, Assemblyman Paul Horcher switched his affiliation from Republican to Independent in early December, creating a tie for the speakership that longtime Democrat Speaker Willie Brown turned into a win. Then, when Horcher's recall in May cost Brown his crucial 40th vote in the 80-member chamber, Brown resigned to become "Speaker Emeritus" and installed Allen. Strongly Republican constituents in Orange County are expected to give Allen the boot November 28.

SETENCICH, elected with the votes of all the Assembly Democrats in addition to his own and Allen's, likely cannot be recalled because of the traditionally Democratic makeup of his Fresno district. So far, at least, no one is trying. Earlier, as Doris Allen's only consistent GOP backer, Setencich insisted Republicans give her a chance to push a tax-cutting, deregulatory agenda, and criticized "juvenile infighting" and "petty differences" within the party. Now colleagues hope the reportedly pleasant—and conservative—ex-Fresno city councilman will come through. At best, they'd like Setencich to leave the speaker's post in favor of the Assembly Republicans' elected leader, conservative Curt Pringle. At a minimum, they want him to let them function like a real majority.

Setencich, Allen, and the Democrats now form a 41-39 majority in this through-the-looking-glass Assembly. If Allen's replacement, to be picked simultaneously with her recall, is a Republican, the opposing camps will be tied. Then, if San Franciscans elect Willie Brown as their new mayor (see "Willie Power," page West-5), Republicans will lead 40-39 by January 8, when Brown would take his new oath.

Even then the speaker's chair might be up for grabs. The Assembly Clerk's office says 40 votes elects a speaker in a 79-member house. But Setencich will still control the podium unless he quits voluntarily. Republicans recall vividly that Brown twisted the rules in the same position last year. Why couldn't Setencich do likewise? Short of that, he could sweet-talk a few Republicans onto his side using the offer of committee chairmanships and 1996 campaign funds.

Republican Assemblyman Pete Frusetta says he is undecided on how he would go in a Setencich-Pringle showdown. Like Setencich, he is a freshman from an agricultural district who faces a tough re-election. "He said he knew that my district and his were the two most vulnerable GOP districts, and that he as speaker would do all he could to help me," Frusetta says. He adds that Setencich won't get his vote without giving Republicans a better deal than Allen did. (Allen had granted the GOP an edge on all panels but Rules, but spared half of the Democrats' chairmanships. She also let a Democratic staff dominate day-to-day operations and retained Brown appointees in the speaker's office.) But Frusetta does not require a perfect deal: "I took an oath to represent all the people in the district," including Democrats, he says.

The possibility of remaining speaker with a few GOP mavericks, though, poses a dilemma for Setencich.

(Continues on page West-4)

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WEST WORLD

■ The defense team for the Menendez brothers is developing a new theory that Mark Fuhrman planted bullets in the bodies of the boys' parents.

■ A few years ago, when he was in the California Assembly, Ray Haynes introduced legislation to require that California schoolchildren be introduced to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and *The Federalist Papers*. It died in committee. Now a State Senator, Haynes introduced the same legislation this year as Senate Bill 76. It died in committee. What gives? What could be the point of controversy? The answer was made clear, we guess, late last month in an exchange between one of the bill's backers, Republican Assemblyman Keith Olberg, and Democrat Assemblyman John Vasconcellos, whom you might recall for his advocacy of the "self-esteem movement." Vasconcellos stated his position: "I rise to oppose the bill. The irony is that you don't learn about rights and freedoms by things being shoved down your throats. So mandates contradict freedom, they contradict responsibility, and the bill by its nature is calculated to teach fascism, not democracy." Olberg responded that equating a requirement to teach America's founding principles with fascism "is appalling" and "ought to be appalling to Republicans and Democrats." Indeed, it does seem as nutty as equating penicillin with arsenic because they're both administered orally. It looks like Vasconcellos's constituents made a similar error by sending him to Sacramento. But besides America's perfectly anti-fascist principles, the other great thing about democracy is that constituents can always change their minds.

■ Jim White of the Brite Ranch in West Texas has gone public with a 1903 ledger listing cattle losses due to the then-common Mexican wolf. These losses were extensive—including $5,400 in today's dollars in just one four-month period. An effective federal extermination program reduced the Mexican wolf population so that today there are only an estimated 120 of them, all in captivity. (This program was conducted by the Predator and Rodent Control Agency, a useful-sounding office, which is probably why it no longer exists.) Now, fresh from reintroducing a different branch of the wolf family to Wyoming and Idaho, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is taking aim at Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. The lucky citizens therein will be dealing with imported wolves by 1997 if all goes smoothly. Speaking of smooth, Dave Parsons, a Fish and Wildlife biologist from Albuquerque, insists that his studies show that "in no case" are wolves harmful to livestock. So much for common sense and Jim White's ledgers. Ranchers and other concerned citizens might take consolation from the fact that unlike 1903—when the Federal Government was limited in its powers and pretty efficient at the few tasks it undertook—the government today, which seeks to do everything, is inefficient. It can't even control our borders or balance a budget. Then again, it will probably be pretty good at setting wolves on us, and consolation is probably the wrong word.

■ Two San Francisco schoolteachers were informed on September 25 by the California Commission on Teacher Credentialing that their licenses were suspended. The suspension was imposed because of a guest speaker the teachers invited to address two sixth-grade classes at San Francisco's Everett Middle School. The speaker, a lesbian, instructed the 11- and 12-year olds on the elementary principles of how to use artificial objects for various forms of sex. Officers of the United Teachers of San Francisco (a teachers' union) question the suspension. A spokesman for the San Francisco Unified School District expressed shock at the ruling. No one has yet confirmed reports that said teachers have hired Johnnie Cochran to defend them, but there are already concerned murmurs in the Bay area about "genocidal homophobia."

■ Those who have driven around Lake Tahoe in recent years—whether on the Nevada or California side—have probably wondered at the dead trees that fill the forest floors. Indeed, 25 to 30 per cent of the trees rising from the Tahoe Basin are either dead or dying. Says one scientist who has studied the situation: "You've got a huge wildfire disaster waiting to blow up." Why hasn't anything been done? you ask. Because of endangered

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species-related restrictions on logging, that's why. What kind of a country won't allow the clearing of dead wood from a forest? you ask. The kind of country that is setting zoo wolves free in cattle country, that's what. Actually, reforms of these logging restrictions have recently passed in Congress, and eventually the residents and tourists around Lake Tahoe will be safer for it.

■ In response to a rising tide of gang-related violence, Long Beach public schools last year initiated a uniform policy. There was a 50 per cent drop in crime rates and teachers reported a general improvement in atmosphere. But now the parents of eighty students are suing over the policy. It's not a matter of self-expression, apparently. Rather the litigants claim that the requirement is discriminatory against those who "can't afford" the uniform. (It costs $18, by the way—far less than a pair of blue jeans on today's market.) Interestingly, the litigants do not want to drop the suit even if private members of the community—thankful for the ceasefire in the schools—pay for their kids' uniforms. No, these are the ideological poor. They want to establish a "right" to a uniform at the public expense on the order of, for instance, their current "right" to "free" school lunches. But at some point those who are caring for these kids—the public—may have a right of their own—a right to reassign the kids to parents or guardians who care enough to shell out $18 for their safety.

■ Term limits will keep non-presidential candidate Pete Wilson from seeking re-election as California's governor in 1998. But there is apparently no truth to the rumor—floated last month by Robert Novak—that movie actor and former Carmel mayor Clint Eastwood is contemplating a run to succeed him. Too bad from a marketing point of view. Imagine the possibilities for campaign slogans ("Any Which Way But Lose"), fundraising appeals ("For a Few Dollars More"), and debate promos ("The Good, the Bad, and the Media").

■ Texas's Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison and Rep. Bill Archer have introduced legislation called the Stop Turning Out Prisoners Act, to put an end to takeovers of state prison systems by unelected and irresponsible federal judges. Because of these judges, over 50 per cent of the money spent on prisons nationally goes to make prisoners comfortable, rather than for security. For instance, in Texas, courts have insisted that prisoners be allotted more space than is given to the average member of the U.S. military, and prohibited building cells on recreational space until new recreational space is acquired. Related to this, a U.S. District Judge in Seattle has just struck down a Washington law enabling civil authorities to place violent rapists and child molesters in treatment centers after their release from the criminal-justice system. The prisoner on whose behalf the decision was rendered was a three-time rapist being held at a treatment center in Monroe, Washington. California's legislature was in the process of passing a similar law, backed by Governor Wilson, and will now, with Washington and other states, have to try to rethink a way to protect its citizens. What all these federal judges seem to be claiming as unconstitutional is the first law of nature—the right of self-preservation. If Congress can't put a stop to it, maybe we ought to threaten the *judges'* self-preservation with a movement to make the federal judiciary elective.

■ The Walt Disney Company will begin extending health insurance to homosexual live-in partners. But there's no truth to the rumor that a new Disney movie will have Cinderella dumping Prince Charming for Snow White.

■ Tom Dodd, a veteran of 140 combat missions over Vietnam, bought forty acres with his wife in Oregon's Hood River Valley in 1983. Between then and the time they returned to build a home, zoning codes had been rewritten in such a way that they were unable to build their planned dream home unless they were also to use their property for a forestry business. The Catch-22 is that the land is unsuitable for such a business. Oregon state courts found nothing remiss in all this. Now the U.S. Court of Appeals has admitted the case to the federal courts, to determine whether it constitutes an unconstitutional taking. The Dodds are represented by the Pacific Legal Foundation in Sacramento, which quotes the Revolutionary-era brewer and patriot Samuel Adams in its briefing on the case: "Let us contemplate our forefathers, and posterity, and resolve to maintain the rights bequeathed to us from the former, for the sake of the latter. The necessity of the times, more than ever, calls for our utmost circumspection, deliberation, fortitude, and perseverance. Let us remember that if we suffer tamely a lawless attack upon our liberty, we encourage it, and involve others in our doom."

■ When Orange County voters recently rejected a tax increase to solve the county's bankruptcy, they were excoriated by liberals as "selfish." Now it is revealed that one of its cities, Santa Ana, supports at public expense an "artist" colony. The featured piece in this colony's recent exhibit was a highly nuanced work displaying condoms in jars of honey. Connie Sasso, the artist, explained that it signified the dilemma of Catholics—the Church's prohibition of condoms in the age of AIDS. (The honey is meant to symbolize the sweetness of sex.) Surely Orange County voters can find the generosity to continue supporting such powerful art despite recent cut-backs in school and hospital expenditures.

■ A twenty-year-old woman is suing her employer, a Reno, Nevada, optometrist, for videotaping her and other workers in the office washroom. When police first reviewed the tapes they assumed it was all just another primetime show on Fox.

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FRISK
(Continued from page West-1)

Unlike Horcher and Allen, he doesn't have a long history of feuding with the party caucus. Relatedly, a potentially long career awaits him, while his predecessors were already on their way out due to term limits. What if Republicans increase their majority in the '96 elections and consign Setencich to political hell? What if a conservative spoiler challenges him for re-election? What if he wants to run for higher office?

WHILE fledgling Speaker Setencich ponders his conundrum, would-be Speaker Pringle could pull over a few Democrats. The Democratic caucus may well fragment without King Willie, some believe. For instance, frustrated Latinos could deal for a couple of chairmanships from Pringle, boosting their status in the party while canceling out any Republican votes Setencich might snag. But State Sen. Bill Leonard sees this as a dangerous strategy. "Coalitions based on self-interest fall apart and fail," he warns. Electing a speaker with the most moderate Democrats in order to advance a specific agenda might be smart and advisable. Making deals with anyone else, Leonard warns, means either giving away too much or risking continual blackmail.

Republican sources say they don't know what deal Setencich gave the Democrats who elected him. But Caucus Chairman Bruce Thompson predicts Setencich won't give his party the crucial Rules majority or all the chairmanships.

Setencich has been compared to Forrest Gump—a nice, dim-witted athlete who trusts too much and often finds himself in what Setencich, referring to his occupying the speaker's chair, called "the darnedest situation." But Mark Johnson, head of the Fresno County GOP and no admirer of Setencich's latest move, says he's brighter than people realize and is used to standing alone—a fiscal conservative on the losing end of 6-to-1 city council votes, for example. "He came from a conservative base and a conservative background," Johnson says. Capital Republicans agree his Assembly voting record was good until nearly the end of the session. But Johnson says Setencich broke his word after Allen became speaker. "He said he wouldn't take any leadership positions, but the next week he did."

In a *Fresno Bee* interview, just after becoming speaker, Setencich welcomed the Gump metaphor as a compliment. "[Gump] did what he believed in always. In the end, he made the world a better place." Asked whether he would become an independent, Setencich said, "I'm staying Republican. . . . But I'm about as independent as you can be."

Conservative Assemblywoman Barbara Alby says she raised some GOP concerns—e.g., caucus control over its own resources—in a recent talk with Setencich. "I do believe that Brian is moving in the right direction and I can't say any more," she says. "He's got to make enormous strides during this interim."

ALLEN didn't make any strides in her three and a half months as speaker, and Republicans hope Setencich learned from this. She got off on a terrible foot when she bounced two Republican women from Rules, including Alby. She also fired several key GOP staffers and shoved then-Republican leader Jim Brulte into a cubbyhole of an office. Outraged Republican members refused to take each other's committee seats. Things deteriorated steadily until, in a September interview, Allen savaged her colleagues as "a group of power- mongering men with short penises." Complaining of her problems raising anti-recall money, she stepped down from the speakership, though not her seat, two days later and one day before the session adjourned. "It was finally total chaos," says Frusetta. "I think the thing just got too big for her."

Thompson, like Alby, credits Setencich with decent motives. And, he says, the speaker understands that "Republicans are like cats." Unlike Brown's Democratic dogs, they can't be controlled with beatings. Fed and petted, they might go along. Whether that method works for Setencich or Pringle may determine whether Republicans—still outnumbered in the State Senate—are able to accomplish good things in the remainder of the current term. If things ever do work out for the first GOP Assembly majority in a quarter century, Thompson says, Republicans might actually get legislation through both houses by threatening to hold Democratic Senate bills hostage.

New as he is, Alby says, Setencich may not understand the magnitude of Democratic abuse that needs to be rectified in the Assembly. One fact there's no getting around, no matter how much you wish it otherwise: "In that building, everything is partisan." □

Mr. Frisk is a reporter for the Ledger Dispatch *in Antioch, California.*

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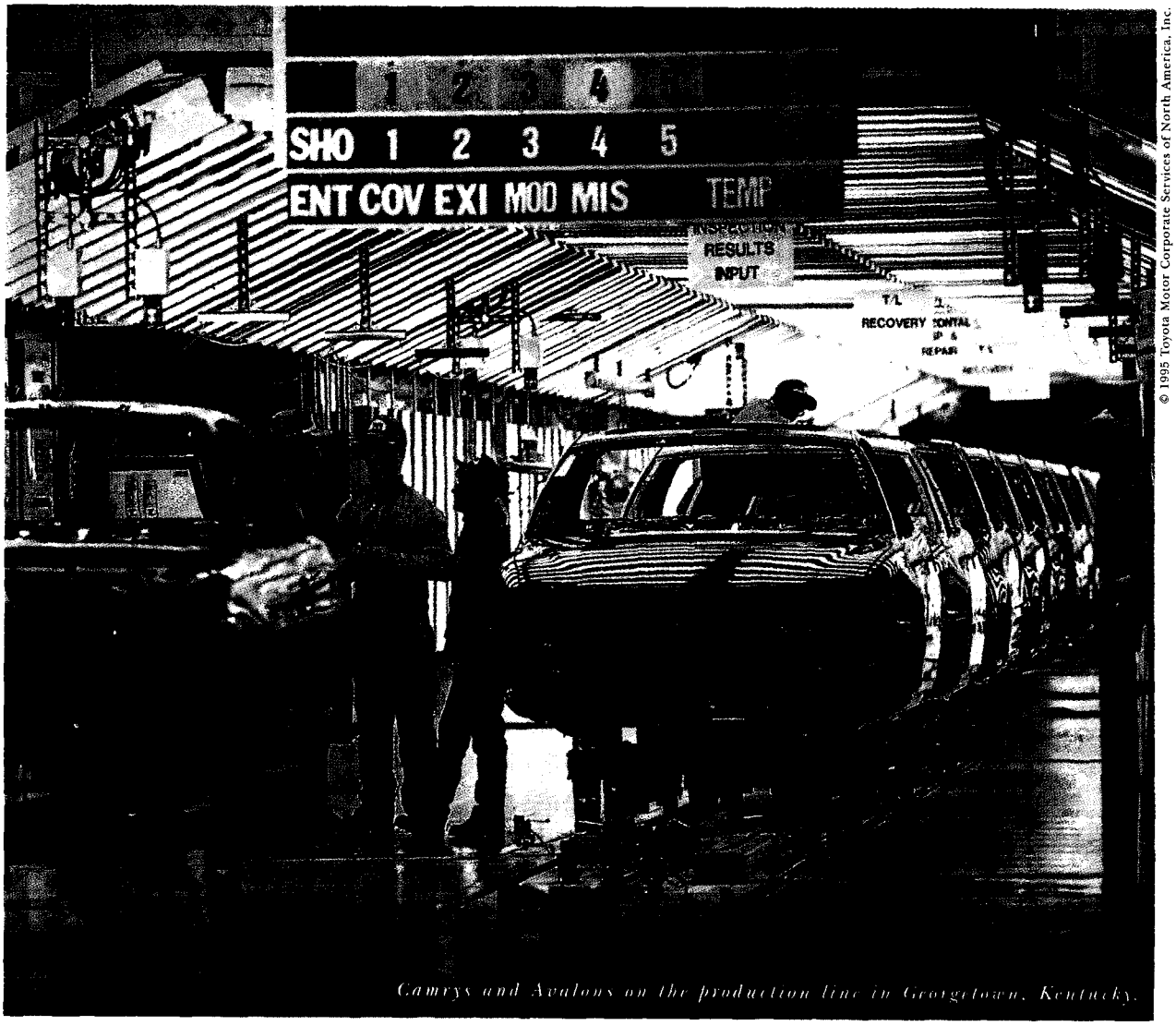

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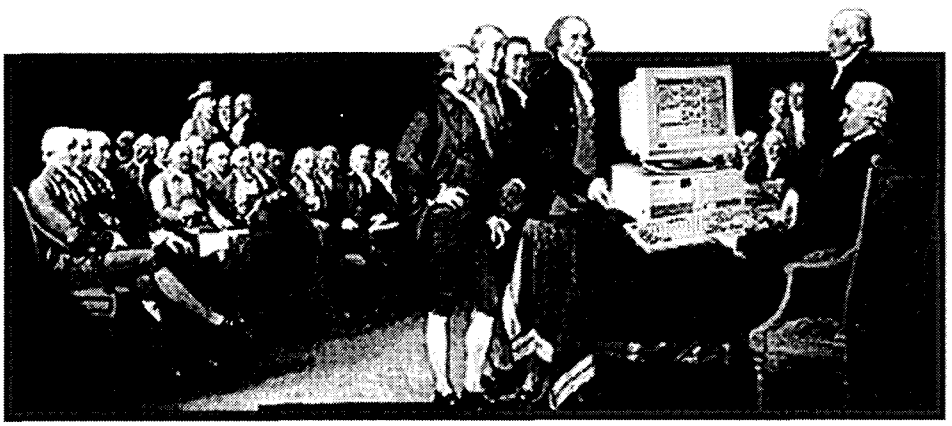

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S.F. MAYOR RACE

Willie Power

DENIS J. NORRINGTON

SAN FRANCISCO, with 52 square miles, is the smallest major U.S. city in terms of area. A quarter of it is reserved for green space and parkland—hence it also has the highest housing costs of any major city. The rest is packed with over 750,000 people whose votes are now being courted by one of the nation's most skilled and powerful liberals, former Assembly Speaker and current mayoral candidate Willie Brown.

Brown's assembly district, which he has represented since 1965—including as speaker from 1980 until this spring—occupies almost half the city. He is prohibited from continuing his run in the Assembly by California's 1992 term limits initiative. Thus the mayoral campaign, which will culminate in a November primary and December run-off.

Some might think that Willie Brown's election as mayor ought to be a cakewalk. San Francisco is becoming more ethnic—for instance, from 1980 to 1990 the population designated as "white" dropped from 53 to 47 per cent, while Asian Americans soared from 19 to 28 per cent—and Brown knows ethnic politics. As for party affiliation, Republican registration in the city dropped from a paltry 19 per cent in 1990 to a piddling 14 per cent today. The last Republican on the city's 11-member Board of Supervisors was retired last year. Brown is a hard-left liberal in a city of the same description. Still, his victory isn't a given.

For one thing, San Francisco has at times simply defied its liberal leanings. In 1975, for instance, conservative John Barbagelata lost to George Moscone by a razor-thin margin. (Later it was found that this margin was provided by eight to ten thousand of the late Rev. Jim Jones's followers, who were bussed in to vote illegally.) The election in 1991 of the current mayor, former police chief Frank Jordan—who defeated liberal incumbent and Willie Brown confidant Art Agnos—is another example.

Second, there is a field of five candidates. Brown not only has Mayor Jordan to contend with, but former Supervisor and recent Clinton HUD appointee (not to mention lesbian activist) Roberta Achtenberg; current Supervisor (and daughter of a former mayor) Angela Alioto; and former City Commissioner and Asian-American community leader Ben Hom. Jordan retains a lead in the polls with only 29 per cent support, but the ultimate outcome given such a field is anybody's guess.

Until Hom entered the race in July, Jordan was sitting pretty to survive the November 7 primary and make the December run-off election: Brown, Achtenberg, and Alioto would split the liberal vote and Jordan would collect the "conservative" (by S.F. standards) vote. But Hom takes votes from Jordan. And for spice there's bad blood involved: Jordan ousted Hom from the Redevelopment Commission two years ago, accusing him of improprieties that Hom claimed he committed at the urging of Jordan's wife.

Rumors abound that Hom's late entry in the race was encouraged by Brown in order to weaken and divide Jordan's support. Although no specific evidence of a Brown-Hom connection has surfaced, Hom served as City Commissioner under two liberal mayors—Joseph Alioto and Dianne Feinstein—and Brown-for-Mayor and Hom-for-Mayor signs are hanging in the same windows of numerous businesses and homes.

The Hom candidacy has presented the Republican Central Committee of San Francisco with its own dilemma. Even though the 14 per cent GOP segment of the electorate seems insignificant, in a tight race between five candidates the Committee's endorsement can be important. Hom, the only Republican in the race, sought that endorsement. But a number of Committee members opposed giving it, believing that endorsing Hom

Mr. Norrington, a businessman and university instructor, has lived in San Francisco over 50 years.

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might keep Jordan from the run-off and ensure Brown's victory. Thus on September 11 the Committee voted not to endorse anyone for mayor.

THE State Central Committee tends the other way. Many of its members backed a Hom endorsement for two reasons: One, it would help solidify Asian-American support for the party. Two, insofar as it helped sink Jordan's and aid Brown's chances, it would help rid Sacramento of the man who has single-handedly neutralized the Republican majority elected to the Assembly last November (See "Duck, Duck, Goose," page West-1). That is, some Republican leaders are so exasperated by recent goings-on in the Assembly that they are willing to help get Willie Brown elected Mayor of San Francisco—at least indirectly. This is wrongheaded and short-sighted.

In the first place, what about San Francisco? Mayor Jordan has instituted the Matrix Program, utilizing teams of social workers and police to clear the homeless off the streets and force them into shelters of various kinds. Most recently, several hundred homeless were cleared from Golden Gate Park. This program has met with great controversy and would be discontinued by Willie Brown. Another important issue is San Francisco's super-high civil service pay rate. Needless to say, few of those Republicans who favor dumping Willie Brown on San Francisco live there.

This important point aside, it is true that Brown's election as mayor would temporarily tilt the balance of powers toward conservatives in Sacramento. History, though, shows that mayoral offices in California's large cities are often springboards to state and federal offices. Consider only Governor Wilson and Senator Feinstein—former mayors of San Diego and San Francisco, respectively. Brown himself stated emphatically that one of his tasks as mayor would be to play a dominant role in the United States Conference of Mayors. His opportunities there may have been reduced by the recent election of Chicago's Mayor Daley as conference head. But Brown's eye remains on the national scene. It is highly unlikely that winning the mayorship in San Francisco will spell longtime relief for California.

A Brown defeat, on the other hand, would dispel the illusion that Brown is unbeatable. It would also make it likely that Brown would run for the State Senate, where he would start at the bottom in a legislative body that has a good chance of being under opposition control.

In that case, San Francisco's gain would be California's gain. Public policy would be relatively free of the influence of former Speaker Brown. □

CITIZENS UNDER SIEGE

Cold HUD Facts

JUAN VERGARA HOVEY

BUREAUCRATS at the Department of Housing and Urban Development continue to send mixed signals regarding their recognition of the Bill of Rights. Consider how they appeared to back off from harassing ordinary citizens for objecting to the establishment of homes for recovering alcoholics and retarded adults, respectively, in residential neighborhoods in Berkeley and Bakersfield, California (see *NR West*, August 14). In fact, Roberta Achtenberg—then an Assistant Secretary for Housing and Equal Opportunity, and now a candidate for mayor of San Francisco—penned a set of HUD guidelines proclaiming "the primacy of the First Amendment," recognizing the benefits of "full and unfettered discussion in the public forum," and calling a halt to harassment of people for petitioning government for the redress of grievances—even if the grievances involve groups "protected" by HUD.

Since then, however, Housing and Urban Development has gone after a homeowner association in Westlake, a suburb of Los Angeles in Ventura County, for objecting to a member's establishment of a hospice for the terminally ill. Another ongoing case, in Fort Worth, Texas—involving a home for retarded children—shows the extents to which the "Achtenberg guidelines" are ignored and to which a despotic spirit animates HUD.

The facts of the Westlake case are simple. Mrs. Isobel Oxx sought to open a for-profit hospice for the dying in a residential neighborhood on the western edge of a private lake straddling the Los Angeles County line. But like everyone else in her neighborhood, when she bought her home, Mrs. Oxx had signed a covenant in her deed promising not to run a business from her home. The covenant included no exceptions.

Acting through their homeowner association, Oxx's neighbors petitioned the city government and engaged an attorney, Rob

Mr. Hovey is a freelance writer in Thousand Oaks, California.

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Saperstein of Santa Barbara. The city ducked the issue, noting that state law defines a group home sheltering six or fewer persons as a single-family residence and declares such homes exempt from local zoning laws.

WHEN the homeowner association filed suit in state court, Mrs. Oxx went to the feds. HUD launched an investigation under the Fair Housing Act, which declares it discriminatory to deny housing to the disabled, including the dying. Worse, the act threatens those who discriminate with punitive damages, as well as the payment of lost profits to anyone whose business suffers as a result.

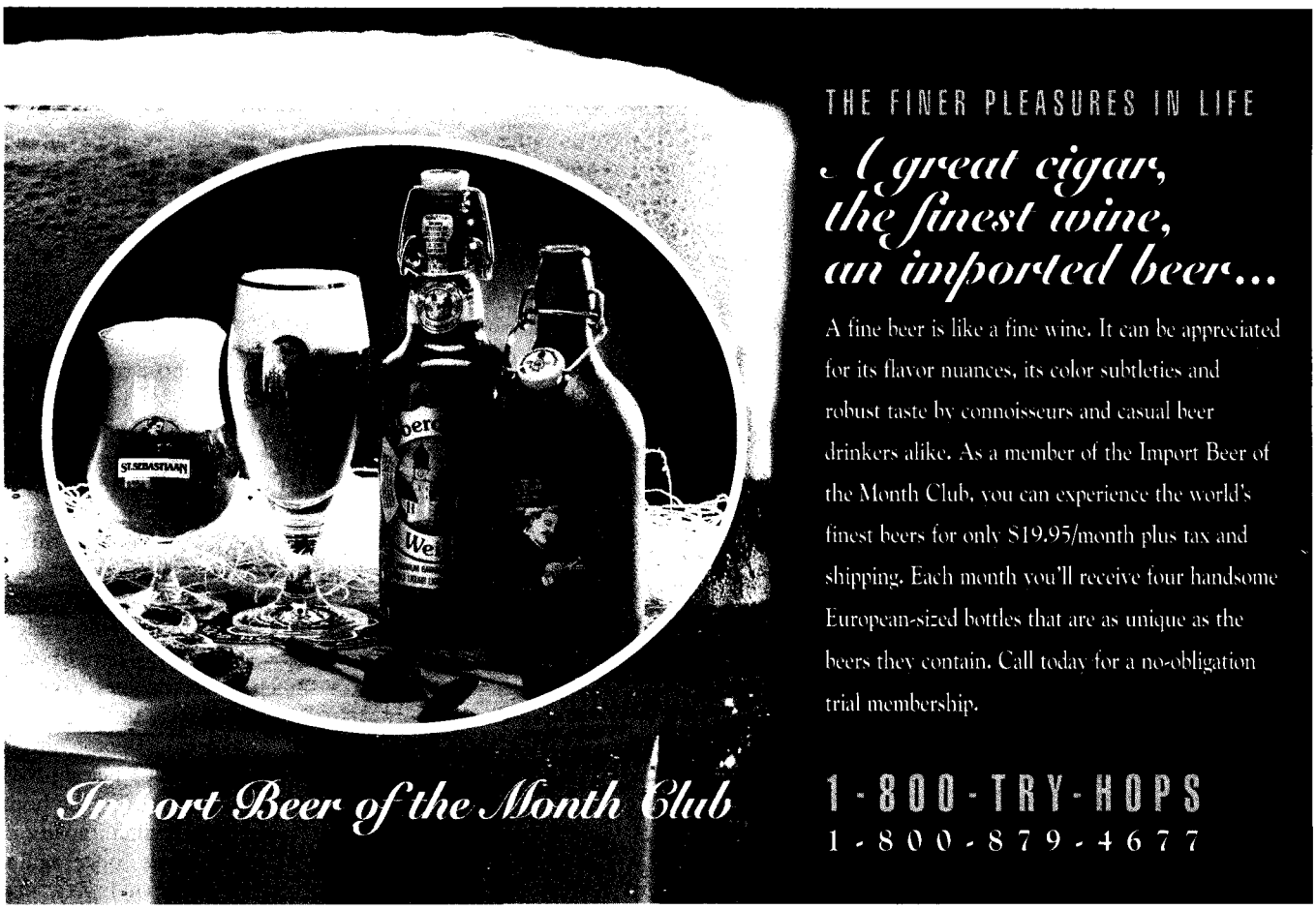
After some pushing and pulling, Mrs. Oxx won a license and opened for business. After some more pushing and pulling, HUD called the dogs off Mrs. Oxx's neighbors—sort of. In a letter to attorney Saperstein, HUD admitted its investigation was contrary to the Achtenberg guidelines, but noted that the Federal Fair Housing Act declares it illegal to refuse reasonable accommodations for the disabled. (Interestingly, Mrs. Oxx had not appealed to this section of the law. She remains free to do so.)

As for the Fort Worth case: Four years ago, residents of a neighborhood on the west side learned that a county agency wanted to open a halfway house in their midst. Citing deed restrictions like those in Westlake, anxious citizens leafleted their neighborhood and obtained a temporary restraining order. A week later they dropped their objections when they learned that the county wanted to open a home for mentally retarded children—a use to which none of the neighbors were opposed.

THIS cessation of legal hostilities by the neighbors didn't stop HUD from pulling out all the stops to retaliate. It began an investigation in the fall of 1991 and filed suit against the retarded home's neighbors three years later, citing the Fair Housing Act. As it had in Bakersfield, HUD demanded that the offending citizens cough up their tax returns, submit financial statements, reveal their club memberships, and make themselves available for lengthy depositions—all because they initially and legally sought a restraining order, later dropped.

These Fort Worth citizens face an intrusive legal process which may hit them with punitive damages. Their counterparts in Westlake may yet face the same. HUD seems willing to abide by Achtenberg's guidelines—that is, the Bill of Rights—only to the extent that its thought police choose—or more likely, to the extent that public opinion restrains them. □

"I can't believe you forgot to read her Miranda rights!"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WEST COAST OBSERVER

24-Hour Balkanizing

THE worst thing about the Simpson trial is not the outrageous verdict, but the furor in its aftermath. Captured on TV screens around the world was the jubilant reaction by blacks in Los Angeles and elsewhere. Most white Americans, in contrast, have exhibited horror and dismay. As Marshall Wittman wrote, "what we are seeing now is thirty years of moving from a colorblind society to a balkanized society."

This balkanization has come about, according to George Will, because "affirmative action, the racial spoils system, and the cult of 'diversity' have been teaching the nation that groupthink is virtuous." "[It] is not surprising," he continues, "that the jurors had no pangs of conscience about regarding Simpson merely as a member of a group—and not seeing his victims at all." This may as well be said of all those blacks around the country who praised the verdict. Indeed, one recent NBC poll shows that only 2 per cent of blacks believe Simpson should have been convicted of first-degree murder.

Moreover, the acquittal of Simpson (also known as the "Butcher of Brentwood") and the reaction to it may be more signals of the end of ideological liberalism as a dominant force in American politics. This is not a bad thing in itself. But the Simpson-inspired attacks on the black community by other leftist groups may be portents of a more serious racism than the current "groupthink": old-fashioned white racism now untethered by any concerns for individual rights.

Latino pundits are worried about the undue social and political influence, not just of whites, but of blacks. George Ramos of the *Los Angeles Times* complains that, "It's as if we are just the wallpaper in the arena where whites and African Americans are smearing each other in the argument over what the trial has done to us. We too are getting smeared, but we don't have any pies to throw back."

Feminist commentators Phyllis Chesler and Merle Hoffman say that, "The young African Americans who, post-verdict, jeered Ron Goldman's father as he wept . . . are not our brothers and sisters in feminist revolutionary struggle. Nor are the African-American women in the shelter for battered women who cheered O. J. Simpson's release." The "thrilling 'racial solidarity' against the evidence and against white racist police departments," they add, "is not justice; it is merely symbolic revenge."

Such outspoken attacks foreshadow the larger question: What happens when whites acquire their racial class consciousness in response to black racism? As Will and Wittman suggest, under the racialist regime there really is no reason for whites not to further their group interests. Indeed, some may reasonably think the new rules make it unreasonable to hold any other sentiment. *Time* recently quoted a Chicago man who reflects a common view among whites: "If white people yell racism, we're bigots. If a black person yells it, it has to be true. I've never known racism to be an excuse for murder."

Some argue, of course, that it is not racism, but rather a desire for revenge against whites, that fuels black support for Simpson. In other words, whites are responsible for the black reaction to the Simpson verdict! *Los Angeles Times* reporter Sam Fulwood III defends such a mentality this way: "If pollsters, 99 per cent of whom are white, ask blacks if he's guilty, then the 'race gene' kicks in and they all say no. Privately . . . they may say, 'Oh yeah, he did it. But I wouldn't tell any white person that.'" Yet it is precisely in the court of public opinion (to say nothing of courts of law) where the most vigilant adherence to the principles of justice should be maintained.

THE vindictiveness of some black commentators has been striking. Los Angeles-based writer Karen Grigsby Bates said that Ron Goldman's father went too far in "attacking Johnnie Cochran" for comparing the police to Hitler. Bates says that the senior Goldman "lost a big chunk of moral edge when he played the Holocaust card"!

The statements of people like Fulwood and Bates (and Colin Powell when he says that America is a "racist society") may have far-reaching effects. In the wake of the verdict, for example, support for the anti-affirmative-action California Civil Rights Initiative will probably strengthen since many feminists—originally thought to be crucial opponents of CCRI—may now support it. CCRI ought to pass, but conservatives should be concerned that its passage may be tainted by support from a racist backlash against blacks. As has been the case throughout American history, it is the racism of whites and not of blacks that is the greater threat to the republic.

We are in danger now of having the necessity of racial separatism thrust upon us by many black opinion leaders. But treating the races differently cannot be the answer. Abraham Lincoln understood its logic and folly when he said that, "inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference [in treatment of the races], I . . . am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position." Let us hope that the escalation of racial animosity in America does not lead us, once again, down this road. —SCOT J. ZENTNER

"He handles the most important office paperwork."

Mr. Zentner is an assistant professor of political science at California State University, San Bernardino.

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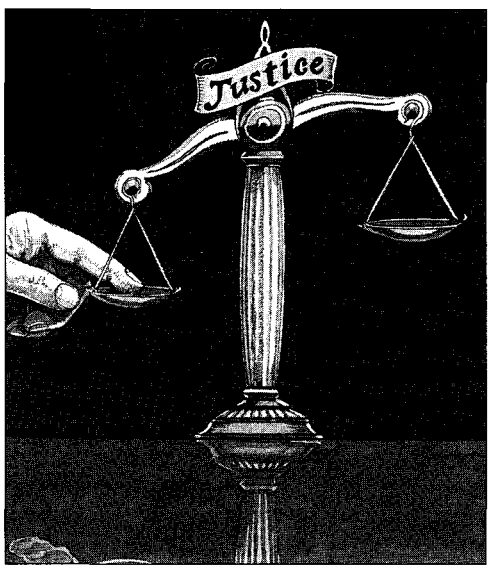
Proliferation of Privilege

Opinion-makers airily distinguish between 'affirmative action' (good) and 'quotas' (bad). It is a distinction without a difference, and has been almost from the beginning.

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS & LAWRENCE M. STRATTON

WITH the elimination of affirmative-action quotas on the political agenda for the first time in twenty years, the liberal elite is rushing to assure us that they offer no cause for concern, indeed that they don't even exist. Alfred W. Blumrosen, who laid the groundwork for our current quota system back in the 1960s, concludes in a report published in March that "reverse discrimination is not widespread." In April, President Bill Clinton said that reverse discrimination is "rare" and that anxiety about quotas reflects the feelings of angry white men who are having a "psychologically difficult time." He told the California Democratic Party: "We don't have to retreat from these affirmative-action programs that have done great things."



Far from being rare, quotas pervade American society. A new status-based legal system is evolving that allocates jobs, promotions, university admissions, board memberships, bonuses, mortgage financing, voting outcomes, university tenure, access to programs for gifted students, and even reprimands and disciplinary action proportionately by race and sex.

This reappearance in the late twentieth century of status-based law, the antithesis of liberalism, was not the goal of the Myrdalian social engineers who took it upon themselves to hurry along racial integration. The quotas and various special dispensations were seen by those who helped to bring them about as temporary bootstrap measures to help blacks advance faster. Once the process was under way, this winking at the law was supposed to stop. Joseph Califano, who was proud to have pushed for "the preference of blacks over whites for slots in colleges, jobs, and promotion" in the Johnson White House (and who helped to solidify quotas as Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare), wrote in 1989 that affirmative action was intended "only as a temporary expedient to speed blacks' entry into the social and economic mainstream." Its job was to pry "open some important doors for blacks, but it was never conceived as a permanent program and its time is running out."

Nixon officials who helped to institutionalize quotas later confessed to having engaged in self-deception. In 1969, Laurence Silberman used an elaborate legal analysis to distinguish the Philadelphia Plan's "preferences" from illegal quotas. In 1977 he deplored his mistake: "I now realize that the distinction we saw between goals and timetables on the one hand, and unconstitutional quotas on the other, was not valid. Our use of numerical standards in pursuit of equal opportunity has led ineluctably to the very quotas, guaranteeing equal results, that we initially wished to avoid." Even those who were never fooled by euphemisms believed that the quotas were temporary. As late as 1989, former EEOC Chairman Eleanor Holmes Norton still claimed that quotas "remain transitional and [will] fall into disuse once the job is done."

Today quotas are no longer seen as a temporary bootstrap operation. They are justified as a new kind of entitlement necessary to indemnify minorities for past wrongdoing and to combat white racism. We are witnessing in the name of "diversity" the development of a new constitutional right to proportional representation by race and sex in every aspect of life.

A survey in *Fortune* (March 13, 1989) revealed the pervasiveness of employment quotas. Only 14 per cent of

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Mr. Roberts is John M. Olin Fellow and Mr. Stratton is a research fellow of the Institute for Political Economy. This article is adapted from their new book, The New Color Line: How Quotas and Privilege Destroy Democracy *(Regnery).*

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED CARLSON

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Fortune 500 companies claimed to hire on merit alone; 18 per cent admitted to having racial quotas, while 54 per cent used the euphemism "goals." Companies fill their quotas by recruiting at special minority job fairs set up by university placement offices. Many firms do not wait until graduation to pursue preferred minorities. Bell South targets minority freshmen to build a "pool of qualified minority candidates," which is then nurtured by special minority summer internships. According to *Business Week* (August 14, 1995), Texaco and Dow Chemical "are

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

No Americans Need Apply

WHAT liberals wishing to save the affirmative-action system did not need was the growing realization that some of the biggest winners in race-preference schemes are not Americans at all. Consider: The prestigious University of Texas Law School maintains a minority set-aside admissions program for blacks and what it terms "Mexican-Americans." However, because the school does not inquire about citizenship, "Mexican-American" in reality means anyone of Mexican heritage who is not in the U.S. illegally. "There's no philosophical objection" to foreign nationals receiving the preference, said Stanley Johnson, who heads the schools' admission committee.

As unlikely as it may sound, millions of immigrants and foreign visitors are eligible for—and many are actually using—affirmative-action benefits to get a head-start on U.S.-born minorities, not to mention white Americans. In effect, they are getting off the plane and moving right to the head of the line.

How is this possible? In the late 1960s, it simply never occurred to government planners that there would be so many aliens in the U.S. or that so many would be considered minorities.

The results can be startling. Take, for example, a company that has a goal to hire ten blacks. Nothing says these have to be African *Americans*, and they well may not be. All ten may be people who until now spent their entire lives in another country.

The fact that foreign citizens routinely get special consideration as if they shared a history of U.S. discrimination with blacks and select other native minorities does not distress sociologists and most affirmative-action bureaucrats. "To make the connection that affirmative action should only be for native-born Americans seems kind of ludicrous to me," commented Larry Hardy, who is affirmative-action officer for the Office of the President of the University of California system.

Hardy's mission, he said, was to get the pool from which new University of California employees are chosen to match the ethnic and gender makeup of the surrounding area's market as closely as possible. "Whether [potential employees] come from Africa or were born here, it's irrelevant," he told me.

It's small wonder the regents voted in July to shut down affirmative action on their nine campuses. But affirmative-action programs remain entrenched elsewhere, particularly in the Fortune 500 corporations. And the evidence is strong that these companies heavily extend their "minority preferences" to non-Americans.

Rita Reining, manager of affirmative action for Pacific Bell, admitted to me that her company does not even check whether prospective employees are citizens, much less attempt to reserve affirmative-action benefits to Americans. Bell is not unhappy with the idea that non-citizens may help round out its affirmative-action goals. "If [newly hired immigrants] happen to be a racial or ethnic minority, they get counted that way," Miss Reining said.

The use of foreign citizens to fill minority slots may be most prevalent in university faculties and in high-tech fields. Of all science doctorates awarded in the U.S. in 1993, 46 per cent went to foreigners. Ten science PhDs were awarded to non-citizen Asians for every one awarded an Asian-American. Similarly, more science PhDs are awarded to foreign blacks than to American blacks, and more to foreign Hispanics than to American Hispanics. Since about two-thirds of these newly minted scientists plan to remain in the U.S., each Asian-American must compete head to head with *seven* non-citizen Asians in an affirmative-action hiring pool. In addition, most new legal immigrants are considered to be ethnic minorities once they arrive here, and many of them are educated enough to enter high in the mainstream work force. Hence companies can more easily meet their affirmative-action goals without compromising the quality of their workforce.

EVEN if corporations wanted to stop giving affirmative-action benefits to immigrants, they would be unable to do so because Congress has made barring immigrants from affirmative action *illegal*. This happened when legislators passed the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986, which made it illegal to bar immigrants from employment solely on the basis of their nationality. What Congress didn't count on was that in the course of forcing employers to hire qualified legal immigrants, it was forcing them to treat the immigrants exactly as they would any other employees in other respects. If an employer ran an affirmative-action program, and if an immigrant happened to be an ethnic minority, he had to be included in that race-preference program.

The great irony is that the immigrants have not asked for this special treatment. Most immigrants come to this country to get a fair chance, not a socially engineered head-start.

Whatever the long-term fate of affirmative action, Congress and the Administration should act now to put a stop to this bizarre extension of the program. A mere paragraph or two of legislation and a short executive order could end affirmative action for immigrants—the entitlement nobody planned and hardly anyone wants. —JAMES S. ROBB

Mr. Robb is senior analyst of The Social Contract and author of the study, Affirmative Action for Immigrants: The Entitlement Nobody Wanted.

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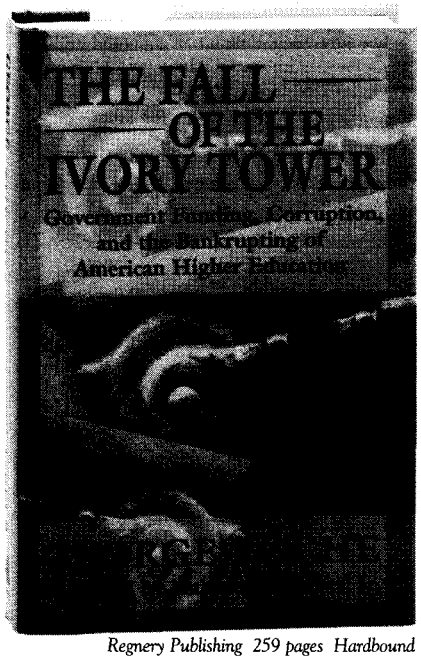
building ties with minorities as early as high school." When forced to lay off workers, companies avoid discrimination lawsuits by ensuring that the layoff list does not include too many people in legally protected groups.

Today, corporate managers' bonuses and promotions depend on their success at meeting "diversity goals" by hiring and promoting women and preferred minorities. Hughes Aircraft, for example, docked the bonuses of executives in two divisions by 10 per cent because of bad grades on their "diversity report cards." Women and preferred minorities also receive special access to management through various grievance committees, which monitor workplace sensitivity and the advancement of members of these groups.

Some government set-aside programs cloak their racial nature under the guise of preferences for "socially and economically disadvantaged" individuals. However, the presumption of disadvantage accorded to protected minorities is often farcical. Hispanic businessman Felix Granados is president of FAIC Securities, a prosperous financial firm that was set up by Florida's Fanjul family, holders of a $500-million sugar-cane fortune, to take advantage of municipal-bond set-asides for minorities. Mr. Granados defended the wealthy Fanjul family's claim to the set-aside by telling *Forbes* (March 13, 1995) that the relevant category "isn't 'economically disadvantaged.' It's 'minority.' And with a last name like Fanjul, that's just what they are."

Quotas are de rigueur for advertising that relies on models. The *New York Times* requires that real-estate ads display a racially balanced mixture of models. Georgetown Law Professor Girardeau A. Spann, who is black, won an $850,000 judgment against a real-estate developer in Arlington, Virginia, whose condominium advertisements displayed only white models. As part of the settlement, the *Washington Post*, which was a co-defendant, agreed to a requirement that 25 per cent of the models in its real-estate ads be black. Imagine the ridicule that would have been heaped on the head of anyone who had predicted in 1964 that civil-rights legislation would lead to the specification of the percentage of white models in real-estate ads.

Civil-rights advocates in 1964 would have been equally astonished to hear that their handiwork would result in the requirement that mortgage-lending criteria have no disparate impact on minorities and that this would be measured by the rejection rates of mortgage applicants. As Nobel Prize–winning economist Gary Becker has noted, statistical disparities in lending, as in every other area, have many explanations other than racial discrimination. If mortgage lenders were discriminating, minority loans would have lower default rates than loans to whites, because stricter, discriminatory standards were being applied to minorities. Yet no evidence exists that minority mortgage loans have lower default rates. Indeed, in November 1994, Federal Reserve Board and other economists



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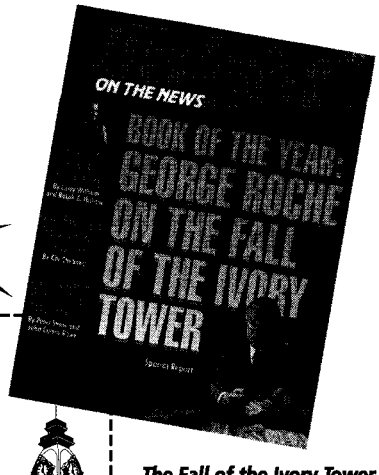

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released an extensive study of 220,000 FHA mortgage loans from 1986 to 1989. The study found that black borrowers had *higher* default rates than white borrowers. These results suggest that mortgage lenders feel pressured to give preferential treatment to protected minorities despite the higher risks.

But evidence has become irrelevant. The question is no longer one of discrimination but one of preferment, and preferments require no evidence. They are a right. In 1993 Shawmut National Corporation's acquisition plans were blocked by federal regulators until its subsidiary, Shawmut Mortgage Company, entered into a consent agreement with the Justice Department to race-norm its mortgage-lending criteria in order to guarantee racial proportionality.

Minority preferments also govern the allocation of government contracts, broadcast licenses, and scientific research grants. Quotas pervade the Federal Government. In December 1994, Robert Dole asked the Congressional Research Service to compile a list of all federal programs granting "a preference to individuals on the basis of race, sex, national origin, or ethnic background," including, but "not limited to, timetables, goals, set-asides, and quotas." The CRS responded with a 32-page single-spaced list describing more than 160 programs.

Some of the federal set-asides appear to have become entitlements. For example, Congress responded to widespread student-loan defaults by cutting off loans to colleges whose students tended to default. However, "historically black colleges and universities are exempted," according to the terms of the statute, thus creating a minority right to default.

HAVING filled all economic channels, preferments are moving into non-pecuniary dimensions. The FBI has embraced a strict quota regime in which bonuses must be racially apportioned, along with promotions, access to training programs, appointments to SWAT and hostage-rescue teams, and disciplinary actions. At the Department of Housing and Urban Development, for managerial personnel to obtain an "outstanding" rating, they must be actively engaged in "promoting diversity." According to agency officials, this means that managers must be active members of minority, feminist, or homosexual organizations, must act to ensure the career advancement of those with diversity status, and must "volunteer as a mentor to instill the value of diversity."

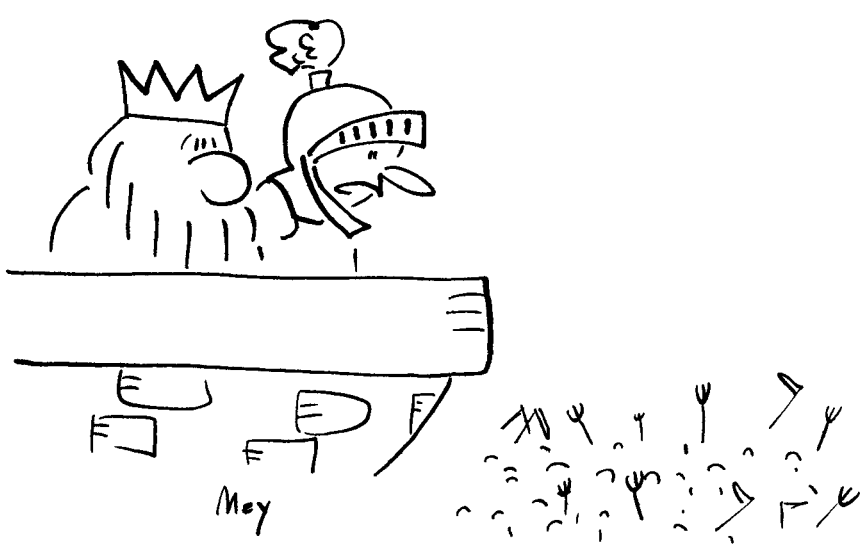
In 1994 the federal Office of Personnel Management launched investigations into why minorities are disciplined and discharged at a higher rate than whites. It is reasonable to suspect that people who are hired with lower, or "normed," qualifications to fill quotas would generally perform less well on the job and thus be more likely to receive correction. But James B. King, the director of the OPM, worries that racially disproportionate disciplinary actions are a sign of institutionalized racism. A similar investigation at the Internal Revenue Service led to the development of a statistical model to produce an "evenly divided" allotment of disciplinary actions that supervisors are to maintain.

The question is no longer one of discrimination but one of preferment, and preferments require no evidence. They are a right.

All this should not surprise us. Once racism is designated as the cause of all differences, the use of quotas leads logically to group preferments. As Benjamin Cardozo said, in law there is a tendency for a principle to unfold to the limits of its logic. Preferments in university admissions soon spread to all other aspects of academic life. Just as the disabled have reserved places in parking lots, minorities have reserved positions on law reviews. In the 1920s and 1940s, blacks such as Charles Hamilton Houston and William T. Coleman Jr. earned their way into Harvard Law School and onto its prestigious law review on the basis of merit. What they earned has since become a preferment.

This brief summary has far from exhausted the examples of privileges now accorded to preferred minorities. The U.S. Capitol art collection is under attack for having too many statues and paintings of white males. Of course, most of the statues and paintings represent former members of Congress who were white males, but that is merely considered proof of the race and sex hegemony that is in need of correction. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City has also been attacked for having too few holdings by women and minority artists.

Quota requirements to counter "underrepresentation" in federal job categories are so strict that qualifications



"It doesn't look good, Sire—the mob is bipartisan."

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have become meaningless. On November 18, 1994, Catherine Crier reported on ABC's *20/20* that U.S. Forest Service job postings for firefighting positions specified that "only unqualified applicants will be considered" and that "only applicants who do not meet standards will be considered." In this case of what Rep. Wally Herger (R., Calif.) called "quota lunacy," the preferred group was women, who filled 179 out of 184 openings during the hiring period.

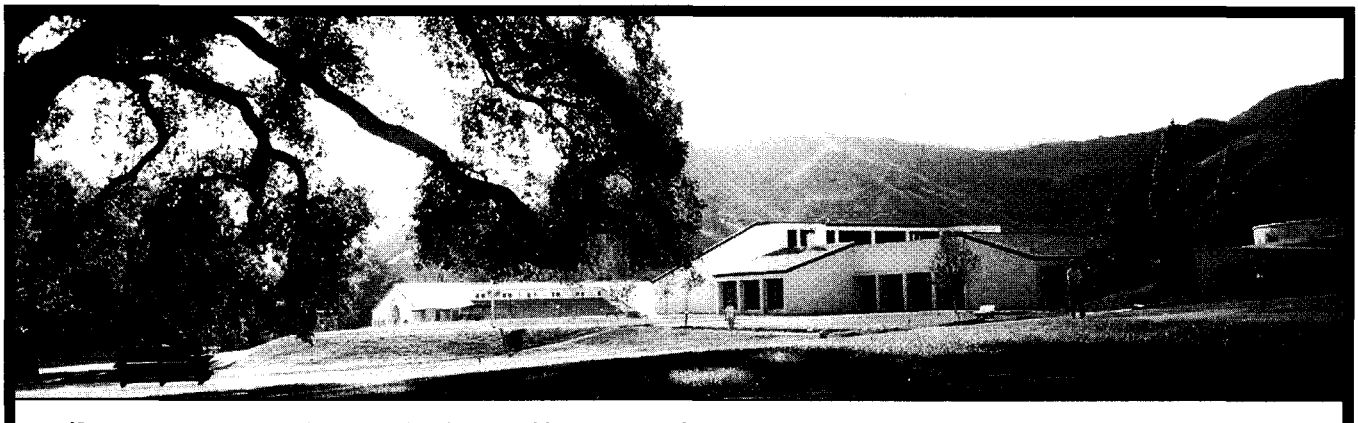
ORIGINALLY, affirmative action meant that if the scores of a black candidate and a white candidate were equal, the black would be chosen. Then, with race-norming, blacks with lower scores would be chosen. The latest stage was demonstrated in February 1994, when the Los Angeles Fire Department refused thousands of white applicants permission to take its job test. A court had ordered that 50 per cent of those passing the test be minorities, and too many whites were expected to pass. The answer was to bar them from taking the test in the first place.

By their nature quotas imply estates and unequal privileges. What is a preferment for one estate is a limit on the other, and gradations of privilege are forming within the class of "protected minorities." Sharon Taxman, a Jewish schoolteacher in Piscataway, New Jersey, was laid off to make room for a black woman. Though privileged on a sexual basis, she was bumped on a racial basis.

The demand for equal results has now been focused on racial disproportion among criminal defendants and inmates. In 1991 the Minnesota Supreme Court struck down a crack-cocaine law because of its disparate impact. The increased emphasis on prosecuting nebulous "white collar" crime reflects a growing pressure for racial balance in criminal prosecutions.

Nor is this balance to be confined to nonviolent crimes. Florida Supreme Court Justice Rosemary Barkett was appointed by President Clinton and confirmed by the Senate as a federal circuit-court judge despite her view that punishments for murder must be race-normed. In Judge Barkett's view, black defendant Charles Kenneth Foster drew a death sentence because of "aversive racism," not because he slit the throat and spine of a white victim on a Florida beach. In opposing the death sentence for Jacob John Dougan, who stabbed and shot a white "devil," Judge Barkett argued that the murder was a

> social-awareness case. Wrongly, but rightly in the eyes of Dougan, this killing was effectuated to focus attention on a chronic and pervasive illness of racial discrimination and of hurt, sorrow, and rejection. Throughout Dougan's life his resentment to bias and prejudice festered. His impatience for change, for understanding, for reconciliation matured to taking the illogical and drastic action of murder. His frustrations, his anger, and his obsession of injustice overcame reason. The victim was a symbolic representative of the class causing the perceived injustice.



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Female defendants have successfully used the "abusive male" defense to escape punishment for sexually mutilating their husbands.

THE reverse discrimination pervasive in America today has not produced a more integrated society. The pursuit of diversity has resurrected separateness. We have already witnessed voluntary segregation by blacks on college campuses and the separate management tracks established by corporate America to boost minorities and women. The ever-deepening wedge of separation is also driving the racial gerrymandering that is turning congressional voting districts into thin lines drawn to connect black-occupied housing. Democracy itself is threatened by quota privileges as the Voting Rights Act of 1965 is transformed into a quota statute.

The purpose of the 1965 Act was to guarantee blacks access to the voting booth. Rather than banning literacy tests directly, the new law's core was a "triggering" provision authorizing the attorney general to suspend for five years "any test or device" used "as a prerequisite for voting or registration" in states in which less than 50 per cent of persons of voting age registered to vote or voted in the 1964 presidential election. Testifying before the House Judiciary Committee, Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach declared that "the whole bill is really aimed at getting people registered."

In a few short years, the purpose of the Voting Rights Act had been achieved. Over a million Southern blacks had been added to the voting rolls. The percentage of registered voting-age blacks in Mississippi jumped from 6.7 to 60 in only two years. Every other "covered" state made vast strides in black voter registration, all exceeding 51 per cent by 1967.

In 1969, just as the statute had attained its aim, the Supreme Court rewrote the law in the case of *Allen* v. *State Board of Elections*. In one of his last opinions, Chief Justice Earl Warren said that the voting act "was aimed at the subtle, as well as the obvious, state regulations which have the effect of denying citizens their right to vote because of their race." Warren reasoned that "the right to vote can be affected by a dilution of voting power as well as by an absolute prohibition on casting a ballot." Changes in representation from legislative districts to at-large elections, the drawing of legislative districts, and even adjustments in the procedures for write-in voting could all nullify the ability of racial minorities to "elect the candidate of their choice just as would prohibiting some of them from voting."

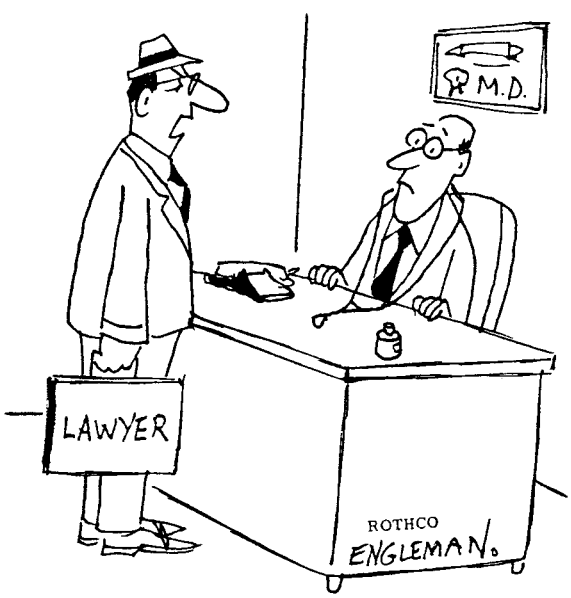
By interpreting the Voting Rights Act as guaranteeing racially proportionate electoral outcomes, the Supreme Court made it an instrument for electoral preferments. Accordingly, in the 1986 case of *Thornburg* v. *Gingles*, the Court, in a ruling written by Justice Brennan, established what Justice O'Connor lamented as "an entitlement to roughly proportional representation." In 1994 in *Holder* v. *Hall*, Justice Thomas deplored the Court's having made proportionality the driving principle of the Voting Rights Act. Critical Race Theorist Lani Guinier reached the same conclusion, although she welcomed it. She told her National Public Radio audience on the day of the decision that the Court had endorsed "proportionality as a baseline."

Of course, gaining their proportion of seats does not guarantee proportionate legislative results. Once in office, minority legislators experience vote dilution when they are outvoted by the white majority. To correct this "inequity," a supermajority requirement is imposed. The seven-member city council of Mobile, Alabama, for example, cannot pass any ordinance with less than 71.4 per cent of its vote. The supermajority requires that the four white members gain the support of at least one of the three black members to achieve any result. Had the split been 5 to 2, a supermajority of 6 would have been required. A split of 6 to 1 would have required unanimity.

In 1969, just as the Voting Rights Act had attained its aim, the Supreme Court rewrote the law.

But not even this would satisfy the results-oriented requirements that judges have dug out of the Voting Rights Act. Under a unanimity rule, the members of a preferred minority could successfully block legislative action proposed by whites, but their own proposals would not be guaranteed legislative success. A federal judge could brand this failure an example of "racial polarization." Ultimately, the implication of the results orientation of voting-rights jurisprudence is that the members of preferred minorities get what they want.

It has been said many times that ideas have consequences. What began as a demand for desegregation has developed into a powerful force for privilege. Demanding equal results, legal theorists are endeavoring to create a black House of Lords to wield the minority veto that aristocrats once used to control the House of Commons. With race interests perceived as so divergent, there is no longer a presumption of common interest. In place of equality before the law, we are left with estates and their prerogatives. □



"I represent a patient who got upset by an article she read in a magazine in your waiting room."

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ONE CHEER FOR FARRAKHAN

Soul Goes Marching

Minister Farrakhan's message is an odd mixture of self-help and blame. This day, anyway, his followers seemed more receptive to the hope than the hate.

WILLIAM MCGURN

I SUPPOSE I should have expected it. The last time I visited Washington was for my wedding, and the day my wife and I had picked turned out to be the occasion for the 1993 Gay and Lesbian Rights March, which attracted some 300,000 demonstrators. Those friends and family who came from the heartland had their worst suspicions confirmed when they arrived in the nation's capital to find it populated by men in fishnet stockings and pink cowboy hats.

This month I was back in D.C. for a one-day business event, and as luck would have it the meeting coincided with the Million Man March. At the outset I should confess that Louis Farrakhan is not exactly a household name in Hong Kong, where I now live, and I hadn't even heard of his call for a "day of atonement" in the nation's capital until I had called Avis, Hertz, Alamo, and every other agency in an ultimately fruitless search to find a car. Only then did I begin to appreciate the magnitude of the event.

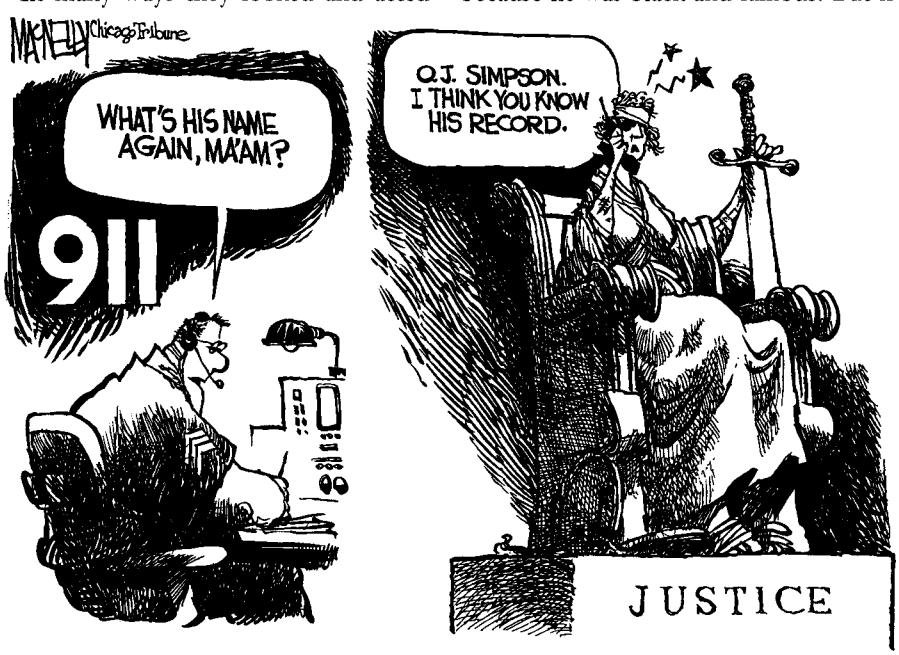
As it turned out, it was not a million men. Nor was it even a march. And I didn't see much evidence of atonement. What I did see was the establishment of Minister Farrakhan as a power to be reckoned with, a fact underlined not only by the crowd of men he had pulled into the city but by the crowd of establishment blacks such as Jesse Jackson and Marion Barry jostling to get a seat beside him. "My people have validated me today," he said. "I don't need no mainstream." Clearly the minister was the message this day.

And for all the hemming and hawing on the national talk-show circuit, Farrakhan was obviously the hometown favorite. Not to say that the marchers were militant. To the contrary, I milled throughout the throngs for two to three hours, and found the air festive and jovial. People helped others up onto fences, and the cops told me they had had no problems. A number of men brought their children, mostly sons, and the fathers tended to be middle-aged and middle-class.

In many ways they looked and acted much like the people I ran into at the tailgaters before last Saturday's Notre Dame–Army game at the Meadowlands, except for their skin color and preference for kufies (African caps). At one point, a twentysomething man came right for me, and I thought I might be in trouble until I realized he was looking at the my Notre Dame sweatshirt. "Eye-*rish*," he said, and I nodded my head in solidarity. It seemed that people were making an extra effort to behave themselves.

What this says for the future I'm not entirely sure. Among the advantages of expatriate life, the freedom to opt for ignorance *vis-à-vis* some of the more contentious domestic issues of our time has to rank at the very top. The whole health-care debate, for example, came and went without my having had to read a single word on the subject. But satellite television is rapidly expanding the global American village, with the result that even the most backward Chinese peasant can tell you about Mark Fuhrman and O. J. Simpson.

Much of this is focused on race. I'm not sure whether America is as racist a society as Colin Powell says it is, but few societies are at once so obsessed with race and unable to confront it directly. It may be a measure of my distance from America today that I wonder why it is so difficult to say that General Powell is an honorable, decent man without making him into a presidential candidate; that Mark Fuhrman is a creep; and that O. J. Simpson killed two innocent people and got away with it because he was black and famous. But if



Mr. McGurn is senior editor for the Far Eastern Economic Review.

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you say any of these things you risk being thought to be saying something else and being denounced accordingly.

My own guess is that one of the reasons Farrakhan has any legitimacy at all is that he is willing to call for black men to start shaping up. And he does it damnably well. His own speech came at the end of the march, and it was more than two and a half hours long, yet he managed to remain captivating for more than half of it. Early on he addressed the issue of, well, himself. Just as Jesus cannot be separated from the Gospel or Moses from the Torah, said Farrakhan,

MEANWHILE, BACK IN L.A.

Liberal Doublethink

'LIBERALS don't want to admit it, but a majority black jury won't convict in a case like this." Marcia Clark denies speaking those words, but they contain much truth about liberals' rush from judgment in the O.J. case. Consider the lessons liberal pundits drew instead.

We need to understand the jurors' point of view. In its softer versions, this was a sorrowful look at the inevitability of backlash: We really shouldn't be surprised that people who saw lynchers go free thanks to "jury nullification" during Jim Crow now return the favor.

But that puts us on a slippery slope to saying that unless you endorse the verdict, you don't really understand. Norman Mailer took it furthest in *New York* magazine: "I think the general black attitude might be that white people place a huge emphasis on innocent or guilty because that way they can discard large social questions . . . A focus on individual innocence or guilt works to the white Establishment's advantage." Indeed, "From a black point of view, it almost doesn't matter whether O.J. is innocent or guilty. He is not guilty because this game has to be won."

And whites re-started the class war. Roger Boesche of Occidental College writes in the *Los Angeles Times* that "White Americans have been rioting for some time . . . silently, almost invisibly"—at the ballot box. We "riot by eliminating affirmative action so that jobs and education will be more readily available to whites; by voting to deny services like education and health care to illegal immigrants; by declaring English as the official language." And maybe murdering your wife is expression protected by the First Amendment.

The rich generally get off. The *L.A. Times*'s Robert Scheer wasted a whole column on this point. Yes, it's valid, but we didn't see millionaires cheering the verdict. The strong popular reaction, pro and con, is plainly to *how* Simpson got off—by playing the race card. No one will cheer the Menendez brothers—except perhaps their lawyers.

The jury forgot which side O.J. is really on. The closest many came to outright criticism of the jury was to suggest it didn't get its race, class, and gender considerations quite right. Thus, in the *L.A. Times*, George Regas, the rector emeritus of All Saints Church in Pasadena, noted that Simpson was "a wife-beater who had never shared in the civil-rights struggle." Would the verdict, then, have been just if O.J. had been a Black Panther?

Similarly and predictably skewed, *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd reminded us that Simpson "preferred white women, white businessmen, and white country clubs." Sadly, " 'You never go against your men,' said a black woman I know." So Simpson should have been convicted of murder because he went in for interracial dating? Is that it? Help me here.

Proposition 13 did it: Robert Wright, *The New Republic*'s most reliably conventional thinker, offered the standard liberal take on everything that goes wrong in California: the limits on property taxes have starved the local government. Ergo, "sloppy criminologists, a loony coroner, and mediocre prosecutors."

Los Angeles and California generally have fiscal troubles, but Prop. 13 hasn't stopped total tax revenues from outpacing inflation and population growth. Furthermore, pay in local government has grown at three times the private-sector rate. And money-hungry L.A. is building a subway no one will ride at a cost of $330 million a mile.

America retains its foolish love of the jury system: This one from *The New Republic*'s Michael Lind: the jury is a feudal holdover. Lind praises the Continental system, where "the jury is made up of a small number of professional and lay judges." Not a word on how American lawyers virtually dictate the composition of juries, nor on how our professional judges have laid down rules that make a guilty verdict almost impossible. Nope, the guy whose book warns of the "overclass" thinks the problem is that juries contain normal people.

Society is shamelessly corrupt. Maureen Dowd barely kept her rage in check: "Any finale except an instant acquittal capped by a clenched-fist salute from a juror who was once a Black Panther, anything other than the white van going down the freeway while motorists cheered and waved, would not have been artistically fitting for this Babylon tragedy-turned-farce that crystallizes everything warped about our society at century's end."

But that leads into a sneer at tabloidism ("our fascination with celebrity, psychological compulsions, victimhood, and redemption"). Then she works in Nicole's bruised face (an ugly fact best covered, I'll remind you, by tabloids like the *National Enquirer*).

Her bitter close: "Who knows? Maybe he'll end up with his own talk show. It's America, after all." Astonishing—genuine satirical bitterness in the *New York Times*. But David Gelernter did it better the week before in *NR*. And most Americans shared Miss Dowd's outrage which might have been better aimed at her own editorial board.

Finally, a profile in liberal honesty: Jacob Weisberg in *New York* magazine pointed to the racial double standard of the *Times* (and of Jesse Jackson, the *Washington Post*'s Richard Cohen, and President Clinton) in their take on two acquittals: respect for the O.J. jury's decision, moral outrage when four LAPD cops were freed in the first Rodney King trial.

Mr. Weisberg drew from these inconsistencies the brave conclusion that the liberal establishment was infantilizing black America. With baneful consequences: "A nation that lives with separate realities is Bosnia, not America." Louis Farrakhan says: thanks a million.

—MARK CUNNINGHAM

Mr. Cunningham is a senior editor at Investor's Business Daily *in Los Angeles.*

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he himself could not be separated from the march he had called for. But he went even further than that, noting how critics have picked up on some of his other proclamations to distance themselves from him.

"You ain't no Moses, you ain't no Jesus, and you not no Mohammed," he said. "You have defects in you." My own thoughts were running along similar lines, though given my company I decided to keep them to myself. The crowd hushed, and the minister delivered his punch line. "There is no prophet of God that did not have a defect in his character," he thundered to an approving audience. "God brought the idea through me."

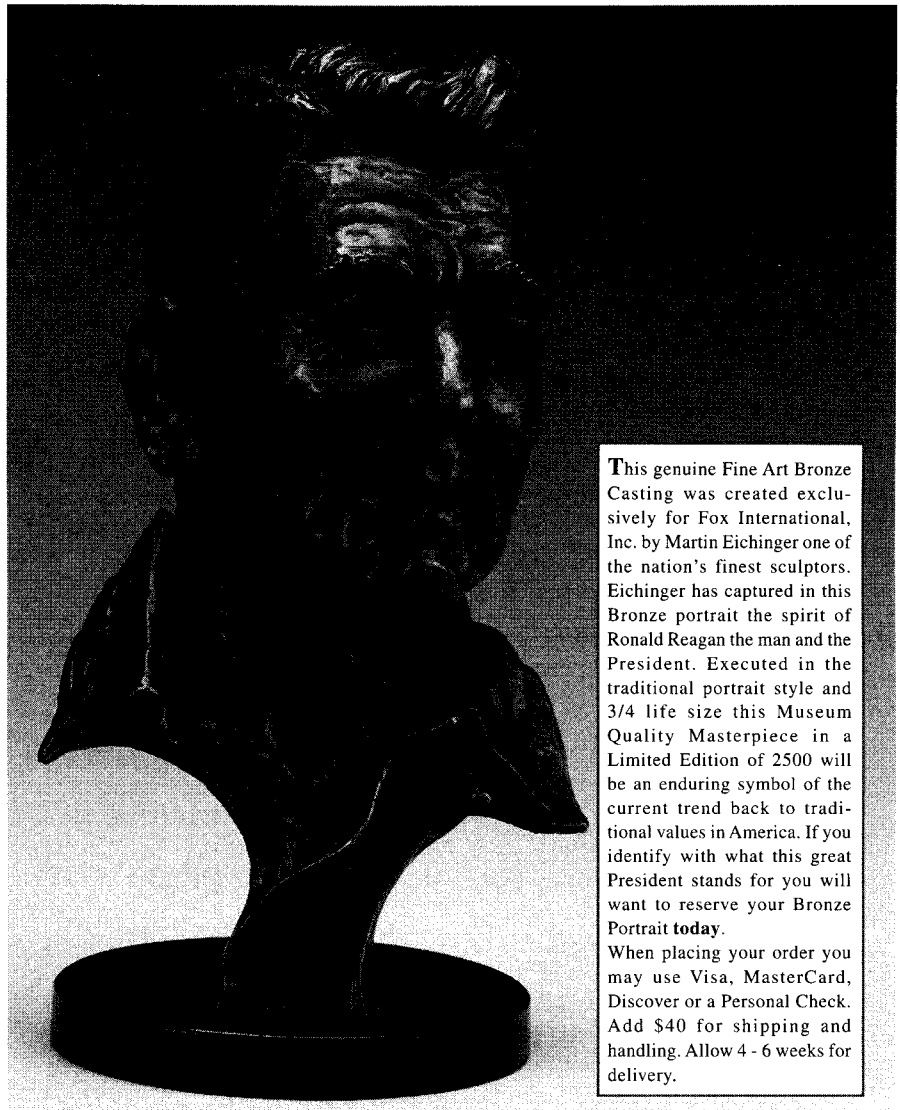
The difference, of course, is that the prophets tended to overcome their flaws with divine help, not turn them into theology. And here is what makes Farrakhan Farrakhan. Like many others who pick up a whiff of the Brownshirt in him, I found much to agree with in his speech. And certainly the discipline he imposes is impressive: I well recall standing on the corner of a project in Southeast Washington a number of years ago where a Nation of Islam officer told me, "You know, if we had not come in here you couldn't be standing on that corner." The problem is that the part of his message that gets translated into action is not always the appealing part.

In this light it is also worth pointing out that even where Farrakhan is right, he is only half right. It is all very well to talk about black self-sufficiency and enterprise, for example, but his call for a special fund (for which they took up a collection) is not likely to do much for black business. Ditto for his attacks on Jews and Asians who locate within the inner cities and don't, in Farrakhan's estimation, give anything back to the neighborhood. Farrakhan accuses them of "sucking the lifeblood" out of the neighborhoods, but the truth is that these people *are* the economic lifeblood of the neighborhoods.

MINISTER Farrakhan made much play over Asians, particularly their indifference to racial prejudice and their focus on achievement. Again he had it only half right. I know enough Chinese to understand when people in Hong Kong are making comments about me. Hardly a day goes by when I don't hear the word *gwei loh* (foreign devil). Non-whites have it even worse, as any ethnic Indian or Filipino would tell you. And Chinese themselves still face exclusion laws in a host of Asian countries.

Yet none of this has prevented these groups from economic achievement. In fact, the record of Jews and Chinese suggests that racism—particularly the exclusion from government—accompanied by the lack of a welfare state may *force* people to achieve, for it is the only way to survive. This is not to say that I doubt the dismal statistics about the divide between blacks and whites here, or that I have any illusions about what various American ethnic groups say about one another. I just don't think it much different from the racism that exists everywhere else in the world. And here Farrakhan's anti-Semitism is as much a danger to blacks as it is to Jews, for it encourages the view that they are down not because of their own behavior and choices but because someone (Jews, Asians) has put them there. Ultimately that message is as debilitating as anything uttered by the liberal establishment that Farrakhan so despises.

On the subway that evening, I found myself in the company of marchers basking in the good cheer of the day. Most of the way I listened in on a conversation between a young man named Stewart and a young lady named Reesie. Both had come from the march and both were talking about how "positive" the experience was. There was no hint of the negative in their talk: nothing about Jews or Asians, only about what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blacks have to begin to do in their own communities.

Reesie mentioned that there didn't seem to be any white counterprotests and took heart from the fact, but Stewart was a little more skeptical. "Look, if you go to a Klan meeting you ain't going to see no brothers walking around, and you ain't going to see no Aryan Nation walking around at one of Minister Farrakhan's meetings. They crazy but they ain't stupid." Stewart did allow that whites were able to walk around unmolested, and he thought that was a good step forward. I think it's a good step too, but not nearly as far as black America needs to take. I'm skeptical, but I'm rooting for Stewart. □

Welfare States

Congressional Republicans take note: Tax-cutting politicians create jobs and prosperity. And win elections.

STEPHEN MOORE

IT SEEMS only yesterday that America's statehouses were dominated by a liberal dream team of activist tax-and-spend governors. Most celebrated of all were Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, James Florio of New Jersey, and Mario Cuomo of New York.

In the early Nineties these three Northeastern governors became torchbearers of a new "progressive liberalism" that was expected to overturn the Reaganism of the previous decade. Each enacted "shake down the rich" tax hikes to fund expansive social programs. Weicker and Florio received in succeeding years the Kennedys' Profiles in Courage award. (Raising taxes in the face of ferocious public disapproval is evidently sufficient qualification for the coveted award.) After signing into law Connecticut's first-ever income tax, Weicker lectured: "The 1980s brought selfishness to new heights. Today we're picking up the refuse of that failed philosophy."

What a difference an election or two can make! Today, it is pretty much the refuse of progressive liberalism that is being scraped off the floor. Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York are now governed by Republicans—John Rowland, Christine Todd Whitman, and George Pataki—all of whom are unapologetic disciples of Reaganomics. Each has spent 1995 hacking away at the anti-competitive tax hikes enacted by their once-celebrated predecessors.

In fact, across the country—from Albany to Lansing to Phoenix to Sacramento—Republican governors are in a seeming contest to see who can make the deepest cuts in economically debilitating tax systems. Thanks to last November's GOP landslide, 30 states—including 8 of the 10 largest—now have Republican governors. In sharp contrast to the early 1990s—when states went on an unprecedented tax-raising binge—this year 29 governors recommended tax cuts and 21 legislatures enacted them. No states—not one—raised taxes significantly. (The Kennedy clan will be hard put to find a deserving awardee this year.)

With few exceptions, the large class (14) of freshman Republican governors has shown a kind of religious zeal for rolling back taxes and shrinking state government. Most impressive have been Bill Graves of Kansas, Gary Johnson of New Mexico, George Allen of Virginia, Frank Keating of Oklahoma, and Tom Ridge of Pennsylvania. In Virginia, the Democratic-controlled legislature smothered Governor Allen's tax-cut proposals, but the setback may prove to be only temporary. The GOP has made Virginia's election this November a near-referendum on the governor's $2-billion tax cut. The issue is expected to propel Republicans into control of the state legislature for the first time since Reconstruction.

"This was the largest tax-cutting year for states in a decade," Arthur Laffer and Victor Canto conclude in their annual report ranking the tax competitiveness of the states. Or as Steve Gold, state-fiscal-policy expert at SUNY Albany, puts it: "The ideological conservatives who want to shrink government are seizing control of state government."

In Michigan, Governor John Engler celebrated his 60 per cent re-election landslide by signing into law his 13th and 14th tax cuts in five years. Wisconsin's Governor Tommy Thompson cut property taxes. Governor Fife Symington is crusading to make Arizona the first state ever to repeal entirely a state income tax. This year he delivered the down-payment on that pledge by chopping tax rates by 20 per cent.

UNQUESTIONABLY the politician most responsible for this flurry of tax cuts is New Jersey's Christine Whitman. By now Mrs. Whitman's political success has become the stuff of legend. In her 1993 race to unseat Governor Florio, she had sagged so low in the polls by late summer that her campaign was given last rites by every political pundit on the East Coast (not least James Carville, who publicly guaranteed a Florio victory). With two months to go, out of sheer desperation, Mrs. Whitman embraced a plan, conceived by supply-siders Steve Forbes and Larry Kudlow, to cut income-tax rates by 30 per cent. Seldom in American politics has a single idea put forth in a state election campaign been as uniformly reviled by the news media as this one. For good reason: the Whitman plan was the absolute antithesis of new-age pro-

"Are these your regular prices, or have I wandered into a fundraiser?"

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

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gressive populism. Mrs. Whitman presented voters with clear choices. Republicans almost always win when that happens, and so she did, 49 to 48 per cent.

This year, to the surprise of everyone—not least, conservatives—Governor Whitman delivered fully on the tax-cut promise. A July *New York Times* editorial grudgingly conceded: "In political terms, Gov. Christine Todd Whitman of New Jersey has had a sensational first year and a half in office. She has cut income taxes as promised in two years instead of three, without shredding local aid or social programs. Small wonder that she is being talked about for the national Republican ticket." Governor Whitman, a socially liberal country-club Republican, continues to enjoy towering public-approval numbers midway through her term. The Whitman phenomenon confirms a truism in American politics: Voters are seldom happier with their elected officials than when their taxes are being cut.

By the same token, there is no surer way for a Republican lawmaker to irritate the electorate than to stray toward fiscal moderation. John Rowland of Connecticut, who signed what the Yankee Institute's Larry Cohen calls "a weeny" $200-million income-tax cut (less than one-third of his campaign promise), has antagonized some anti-tax activists by reneging on his campaign pledge to drive a stake through the heart of Weicker's hated exaction. For nearly two hundred years Connecticut got along just fine without an income tax, but now Rowland seems to think the tax is indispensable. His approval rating stands at 44 per cent.

In New York, meanwhile, George Pataki boasted recently to a Heritage Foundation audience in Washington that his administration is "overthrowing all the unworkable liberal abstractions of the past and replacing them with a revolution of conservative ideas." He can surely talk the talk. But NATIONAL REVIEW president Dusty Rhodes echoed the frustrations of many New Yorkers when he wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* that if the Empire State wants to dig out of the financial wreckage of a decade of a Cuomo-ism, Pataki "has not cut taxes nearly enough." Pataki inherited "the most anti-competitive tax structure in the region, and now that his economic plan has passed . . . New York still has the region's most anti-competitive taxes."

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Perhaps the most compelling sign of the rightward tilt of state politics these days is that a growing number of Democratic governors have embraced Whitmanomics. This year North Carolina's James Hunt, Washington's Mike Lowry, and Delaware's Tom Carper, all with rock-solid liberal credentials, all cut business or income taxes to make their states more competitive. Last month Maryland Governor Parris Glendening, a technocratic Democrat, called for a 10 per cent across-the-board tax-rate reduction, arguing that "we have to show businesses that we can bring our taxes in line with those of other states."

TWO factors are motivating this coast-to-coast tax-cutting rage: political survival and economic realism. The politics are simple: since 1990, ten high-tax governors—including both Republicans and Democrats—have been trounced at the polls. No tax slayers have lost. The Kennedys may find tax-hikers courageous; the reality is that these days raising taxes indicates a political death wish. Of course, there are two prominent exceptions to the rule: Pete Wilson of California and George Voinovich of Ohio, both of whom enacted gigantic tax hikes in 1991 and yet survived in 1994. Of course, Voinovich had the good fortune to be facing a nonentity, and Wilson the nearly as good fortune to be facing Kathleen Brown, who was eager to stay to his left on economic issues.

The economic case for tax cuts has simply become too compelling for anyone without ideological blinders to ignore. Once upon a time liberal academics fantasized that taxes don't matter much in determining a state's prosperity. Ohio University economist Richard Vedder demolished that myth with calculations showing that since 1980, every day one thousand people have moved from one of the ten highest-tax states to one of the ten lowest. That's a migration of more than 5 million people—mostly the young, industrious, and economically productive.

But you don't have to trust the economic studies—just stand on a San Diego Freeway overpass. Since Pete Wilson's record $57-billion tax hike, three times as many U-Haul vans have moved people out of the Golden State as into it. (The disparity in numbers is now reflected in differential drop-off charges.) The total number of refugees from California since 1990 is now approaching one million. An economic-development officer from a booming Southern state recently confided that his state had closed its offices in Europe. "Why search for factories overseas when we can plunder Orange County, Calif., Connecticut, and upstate New York?" he asks. It's a phenomenon the Left disparagingly refers to as "the race to the bottom."

Last year *Business Week* compared the performance of high- and low-tax states and discovered that "job growth in low-tax states over the last eight years has been a stunning 5 per cent higher than in high-tax states." One of the states where jobs are being created in vast numbers is Michigan. Under Governor Engler, Michigan has reduced spending increases to below inflation for five years, and reduced the average household tax burden by more than $500. The prize: Michigan has created more new manufacturing jobs than the rest of the nation combined.

In every region of the country-state tax cuts have been a political and economic triumph for the GOP. Republicans are riding the pro-growth, anti-tax message to victory. Some six hundred legislative seats switched to the Republican side in last November's elections, and big GOP gains are expected again this November. The state experience raises the puzzling question: Why do Republicans on Capitol Hill approach tax cutting with fear and loathing? Al D'Amato recently pondered whether the voters "really want a tax cut this year."

He should pose that question to Mario Cuomo, Jim Florio, and Lowell Weicker. □

Fair Trade, Foul Politics

We are all 'economic nationalists' now. Should we also be protectionists?

RAMESH PONNURU

PROTECTIONISTS are a minority in the Republican Party—but a growing one. There are a number of reasons for this. The postwar bipartisan consensus in favor of free trade rested on beliefs about American leadership of the world which younger Republican congressmen tend not to share. Then again, as a result of the postwar decision to pursue free trade multilaterally rather than unilaterally, free trade has become linked to international entanglements of which conservatives have long and justifiably been suspicious. And that decision has had other consequences. The multilateral approach makes it seem that free trade is a good idea only if it's a two-way street (whereas the classical case for free trade asserts that trade barriers harm the nation that imposes them regardless of its trading partners' policies). Protectionist sentiment thus increases when countries are perceived, fairly or not, as closed to American exports. And, finally, there is Pat Buchanan.

Mr. Buchanan is the first Republican presidential candidate to challenge the postwar GOP orthodoxy on free trade. Because he is a conservative in good standing on cultural issues—indeed, a courageous conservative champion in what was for years the generally unsympathetic media—he has built up a stock of goodwill on the Right. And contrary to his image, he is a thinker with a love of history who takes the trouble to master, hone, and argue his case in public debate. So, when he complains that "the Japanese . . . have been taking advantage of America" and labels them "predatory traders," he is heeded where others might be ignored.

He has been helped in his campaign

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

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by the reluctance of free-traders on the Right to take their case to the public. Republican presidential candidates who espouse free trade, like Phil Gramm, consider it too difficult to explain the benefits of free trade in a campaign. Other free-traders have said surprisingly little to counter Buchanan's arguments. Or, worse, they have simply sneered. James Bovard says of him, "He's going to have a certain appeal to people who have never been able to balance a checkbook and are still afraid of the dark." Comments like that make it easy for Mr. Buchanan to depict free-traders as elitists. Since free trade in fact enjoys more support from elites than from the general public, it has come under suspicion as conservatism has taken an increasingly populist cast. Pat Buchanan and his allies stirred up considerable grassroots opposition to NAFTA and GATT by framing them as elite frauds against the public. Protectionism, in contrast, offers conservatives an easy way to signal their solidarity with working-class Americans.

These are all solid political advantages—in the short term. But the essential test of a policy is more mundane: Will it work? Because if protectionism won't work, then it won't produce popularity or sustain an Administration in office. And both economic theory and experience give us a pretty good idea of exactly how protectionism won't work.

To begin with, it would raise prices for both consumer goods and capital goods. It would therefore almost certainly increase unemployment: as prices for protected goods rose, industries that use them and even some of the protected industries would shrink. Mr. Buchanan attaches far more importance to the trade deficit than it deserves—he recently described it as the "worst" of President Clinton's failures—but it is not clear that his proposals would affect it. Trade barriers would reduce both the incentive for American companies to export from the sheltered home market (by causing the exchange rate to appreciate) and their ability to do so (by raising their supply costs).

Nor would his proposed "social tariff" against the Third World protect American workers' wages to any great extent, because cheap labor has not been as important in international competition as he believes. If it were, companies would have moved in droves to Haiti and Bangladesh. They have not done so, because they look at wages in relation to

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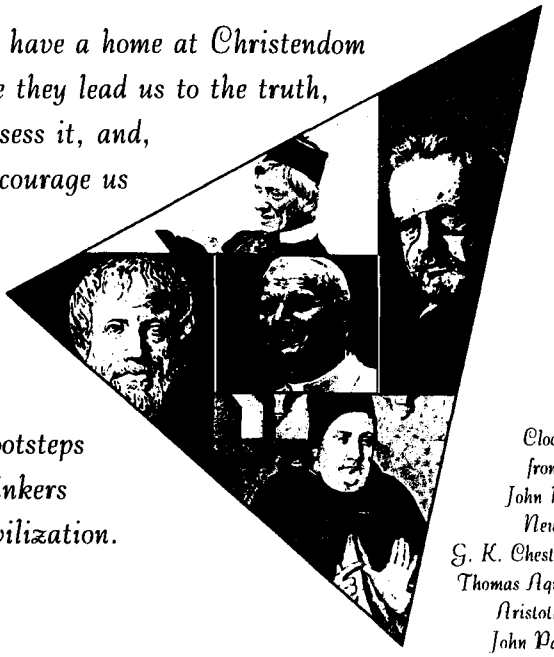

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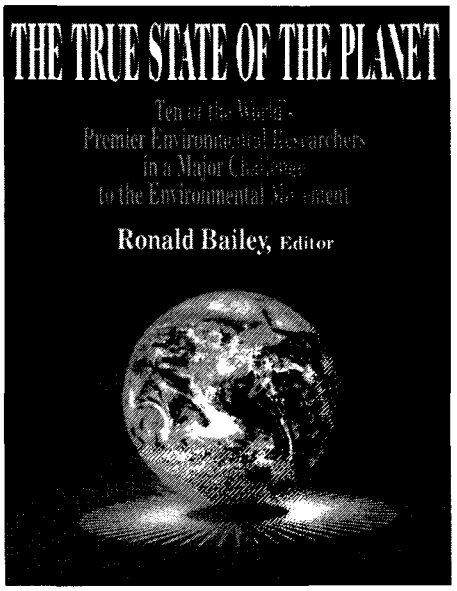

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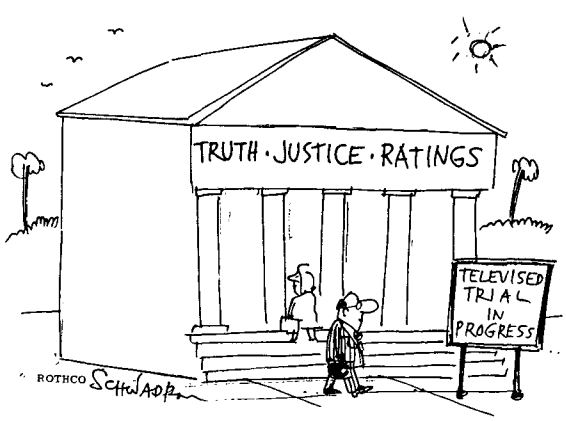
productivity. American wages are higher than those in developing nations not because U.S. workers have been shielded from competition, but because they are more productive. The route to higher American wages therefore is primarily through building on this advantage. Tariffs would only reduce the purchasing power of Americans' wages. Small businesses and low-income households would suffer most from a high-cost economy.

ANY economic damage would be compounded, of course, if our trading partners retaliated against our tariffs by enacting barriers against us. Mr. Buchanan calls the desire to avoid retaliation "the counsel of fear and timidity. Had we followed it in the Cold War we would all be speaking Russian." This retort, while rhetorically effective, confuses commerce and war. He would be protecting Americans not from Soviet tyranny but from products they want to purchase. An "invasion" of cheap cars is not like an invasion of tanks; there's a difference between VCRs and ICBMs. A trade war that destroyed international commerce seems a high price to pay to prove America's toughness. Running on a jobs platform and then destroying jobs is ultimately not a clever political strategy.

Mr. Buchanan attempts to counter these economic arguments by invoking U.S. history. In an op-ed two years ago he wrote, "From Lincoln to Teddy Roosevelt to Coolidge, the GOP was the party of industry. It supported free markets at home, protected by a high tariff wall—with low taxes and little regulation. The Night Watchman State. This was the foundation of American prosperity, the formula that converted the small agrarian economy of 1800 into the greatest industrial power the world had ever seen by 1900." But America's vast internal market had more to do with the country's success than tariffs did. The most protected industries, like sugar and textiles, were uncompetitive. And other industries paid the price of that protection: the high price of protected steel decimated the merchant fleet.

What may understandably appeal to Mr. Buchanan (and other conservatives) about the last century's protectionism, however, is that U.S. tariffs were then an alternative to other taxes, notably the income tax. And, indeed, he has recently proposed raising tariffs in order to cut other taxes that he dislikes. He would replace income taxes on small business with a 10 per cent tariff on all imports from Japan, allegedly an unfair trader; he would slash inheritance taxes and replace the revenue with a 20 per cent tariff on Chinese goods. The goal is to move back toward tariff funding of the government. (Ironically, the income tax itself originated as a populist blow against the tariff, which first the South and later farmers and workers saw as oppressive.) By cutting some taxes and raising tariffs, Mr. Buchanan hopes to create "a new coalition of supply-siders and economic nationalists." He writes that his tax plan "marries the growth ideas of Ronald Reagan to 'The American System' devised by Hamilton and Washington."

Alas, the marriage he proposes is unlikely to be a happy one—and not just because he stands alone among Republican candidates in funding his proposed tax cuts with an anti-growth policy. His press release asserts that since Japanese imports are currently $125 billion, his tariff will yield $12.5 billion—a projection that assumes that his taxes will have no effect on consumer behavior. That's not just implausible; it directly contradicts the protectionist purpose of the trade barriers. The barriers can raise the revenues he seeks, or they can keep out imports that he believes harm the economy. They cannot do both. And they certainly could not finance anything even remotely approaching the size of today's government. Hamilton understood the difference between a revenue tariff and a protective tariff: in *Federalist* #21, he explained that such taxes "prescribe their own limit, which cannot be exceeded without defeating the end proposed." Only by eliding that distinction can Mr. Buchanan simultaneously appeal to union members and to anti-taxers.



Mr. Buchanan's tax proposals also have unsettling implications for foreign policy. A government funded by tariff revenue is extremely dependent on the actions of foreign governments for its financial stability. In the War of 1812, for instance, tariff revenues crashed because the U.S. went to war with its major trading partner. It therefore financed the war by printing money, which of course led to inflation and economic destabilization. The pattern repeated itself in World War I: a decline in tariff revenues was the reason the income tax was so quickly increased far beyond what anyone had envisioned. If the government became dependent on tariff revenue, foreign governments and companies wouldn't need to hire the lobbyists Mr. Buchanan deplores. They could stay in their own capitals and exert leverage on U.S. policy. Indeed, tariff funding of programs would turn domestic interest groups into foreign lobbyists by making their programs dependent on other countries' willingness to trade. It's hard to imagine a more anti-nationalist tax system.

INDEED, "economic nationalism" in general would divert foreign policy from more worthwhile priorities. It would be difficult to maintain an alliance with a country while simultaneously engaging in a painful trade war with it. It is often said that an economic policy based on the premise that the material interests of nations conflict with one another would be likely to lead to international hostility. What is less frequently remarked is that a protectionist world would also be more hospitable to command-economy dictatorships like the ones that have been America's enemies in this century. Such societies, unable to compete with property-based systems industrially, tend to generate trade goods through extraction. Limited world markets enhance the value of these goods. Thus, American policies of the 1970s that raised the price of energy played right into the Soviets' hands, while the reversal of those policies under Reagan created a foreign-exchange crisis that forced the Soviets to reform. (Following Mr. Buchanan's foreign-policy advice during the Gulf War would have meant an effective return to

(Continues on page 72)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

October 16, 1995

Dear Rusty,

If this letter sounds funny, it's because my new ThinkPad is in the shop for a radical memory upgrade, so I'm composing this letter in the laborious, time-consuming old-fashioned way—I'm dictating it into a tiny tape-recorder.

I sent my old computer down to Tennessee, for Dad to use. For some reason, he's become terribly interested in surfing the 'Net, and has logged onto America OnLine several times using the computer at the local Radio Shack, but he called me last week to ask for one of his own. His real concern was ease of use. "Take mine," I said. "It comes fully loaded."

Dad chuckled. "Just like me," he said.

So now I'm stuck talking into a tape-recorder.

That noise you hear in the background is the crowd gathered for today's Million Man March organized by Louis Farrakhan. I'm not entirely clear on why they had to march on a weekday—I mean, Saturday was good enough for the gays, and from what I know about that community, they really treasure their weekends. Anyway, they would have had a bigger turnout if Rudy Giuliani had given New York City employees the day off. On the other hand, then it would have taken me an hour more to get to work. So I suppose I should be grateful.

Bill, though, is pretty upset about the whole thing. He called an emergency meeting of the Cabinet this morning to discuss what he's not going to discuss and to list the topics no one is supposed to list. First and foremost, no one is supposed to write down the names of the members of the Congressional Black Caucus who are marching with Farrakhan. And we're not supposed to notice that Maya Angelou is running the refreshment stand. And we're not supposed to notice Jesse Jackson and Benjamin Chavis and the male faculty of Howard University and Cornel West and Skip Gates and—wait a sec! I'm peering out my window and I think I can make out . . . Ron Brown?

What's he doing there? He's carrying something. T-shirts? Ron is selling T-shirts. Okay, I'm opening up the window, I'm leaning out slightly—"Hey! Ron!"

Ron's looking up and smiling. "Yeah? What do you want, Al? Bill Cosby is about to speak—I need to make my rounds."

"Ron, Bill asked us specifically not to get involved with this march."

"C'mon, Al. I'm not involved. I'm selling souvenirs. I know this Thai kid does a silk-screen on a three-dollar shirt for fifty cents a throw. That's three-fifty a pop. I sell 'em for fifteen bucks—twenty for the Martin/Malcolm/Farrakhan/O.J. collage—I mean, come on! This is my only remaining side business. The Special Prosecutor is picking my pocket."

"Ron, we're really not supposed to have side businesses. And Bill did say that we're all supposed to steer clear of this march. At least until we've had time to figure out how to not reject it."

"Al, when I sold mylar balloons to the gays no one said boo. Now all of a sudden it's off-limits. You know what that is, Al? That's racism."

"Sorry, Ron."

"I guess a black man just can't make a dime in this nation."

"I said I was sorry. Go ahead. Sell your T-shirts."

"It's a damn shame. Black man held down by the man."

"Ron!"

"T-shirts! Mister Johnnie ties! Get your T-shirts!"

He's walking away now, heading for the "What We Blame the Jews for Now" pavilion. I don't know, Rusty. I've got a bad feeling about this march.

In the first place, it's disappointing that hatred still runs rampant in some segments of society. It's not as if we're different under the skin. I mean, who hates and fears law-enforcement officials more—O. J. Simpson supporters, or white supremacists? I say, take the Million Man March to Ruby Ridge and let the healing begin.

Dad just called. He'd already logged onto a few chat rooms on America OnLine, but he'd been distracted by CNN's coverage of the Million Man March.

"Hear that?" he asked.

"Hear what, Dad? The march?"

"No my boy. That creaking sound. It's LBJ, spinning in his grave." Dad chuckled a bit. I didn't laugh. "What's the matter, my boy?" he asked. "I told the same joke to your mother and she cracked up. Well, I guess you had to be there."

"I am here, Dad. Right here in the middle of it."

"I don't mean there there, I mean you had to be there in 1964. Talk about your comedowns."

He hung up. And so I've just been sitting here, staring out the window—Johnnie Cochran is on now—listening to the march and enjoying the fall colors. I like this time of year.

See how good I'm getting at ignoring things? Bill would be proud of me.

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Rise and Shine

A. J. BACEVICH

AS THIS review appears, the return of Colin Powell to public life has taken on the trappings of a triumphal procession. In treatment accorded more typically to rock stars than to literary neophytes, the retired general has inspired something approaching a personality cult—complete with coast-to-coast tour, fawning media coverage, and groupies who at every stop crowd sidewalks in the hope of obtaining an autograph or perhaps merely in order to bask in his reflected glory. *My American Journey*, the ostensible basis for the hoopla, has rocketed to the top of the best-seller lists. In a society in which sitting through any movie more than two hours long is seen as a mark of serious commitment, one may wonder whether the legions lining up to buy the general's memoir will actually read its six-hundred-plus pages. Rather, one senses that it is being acquired as a talisman, testifying to the purchaser's deep regard for a Great American. Yet if *My American Journey* is merely collected rather than read, that will be a misfortune. This is in its way an important book—though its true significance seems likely to be overlooked.

My American Journey, by Colin L. Powell with Joseph E. Persico (Random House, 643 pp., $25.95)

To the extent that the text itself has received scrutiny, attention has focused on its closing pages, in which Powell lifts the veil ever so slightly on his political beliefs and ambitions. Whether intended as the foundation for a run for the Presidency, or merely as a marketing device, this section has been subjected to detailed exegesis by those eager to divine whether the former general is a genuine conservative or a closet liberal, an authentic Republican or a Democrat in disguise.

The emphasis is misplaced. Powell's opaque and cliché-ridden political testament is easily the weakest part of his book, the one section that comes across as ersatz, as if drafted by some committee of excessively coy political operatives rather than by Powell himself and his collaborator. The contrast with the easy, anecdotal tone and brisk pace of the rest of the narrative could hardly be more striking.

What does that narrative have to offer? Although unlikely to displace Ulysses S. Grant's military memoirs among the classics of the genre, *My American Journey* is a charming story well told. No doubt many will find it inspirational. Yet few readers are likely to mistake it for great literature. Those searching for penetrating insight or introspection will likewise find it disappointing. Indeed, the book provides little evidence to suggest that Powell is blessed with a powerful intellect or a capacity for innovative thought.

Roberto Parada

Rather, he is a man of his times: better at fashioning sound-bites than at acting the part of visionary. Professing to have been "astonished by the death grip of old ideas on some military minds," Powell appears oblivious to the stolidly conventional nature of his own thinking. His chief claim to boldness as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff rests on his sponsorship of a scheme for modestly shrinking the Cold War military while preserving it from anything resembling fundamental restructuring—the so-called Base Force concept which was dead-on-arrival in Congress. Thus, although Powell's status as the most renowned officer of his generation will no doubt remain intact, his legacy turns out to be thin on substance.

Rising to the top of the American military hierarchy in a period brimming with momentous developments, Powell was no more Great Captain than he was Great Reformer. Instead, to judge from these pages, he was the consummate political general: skillful inside operator, master of the bureaucracy, cool and telegenic briefer, careful cultivator of the influential within government and the media. It is an image with which Powell himself is not especially comfortable. Time and again, he insists that his true calling was to the brotherhood of warriors. Although he labors to bolster that claim—ticking off with almost unseemly thoroughness every soldierly accomplishment, from his days in ROTC summer camp ("Best Cadet, Company D") through a career in which he graduated at or near the top of his class in each military school or training course he attended and in which he routinely received accelerated promotions—his case is not persuasive. In fact, from the time that, as a young major, he donned civvies to enter graduate school in 1969 until he retired in 1993, his assignments with the Army in the field were brief and sporadic. He was a touch-and-go soldier, swooping in to fill some plum career-enhancing billet, only to be sum-

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AMERICA'S NEWSPAPER

The Washington Times

September 18 – 24, 1995 | NATIONAL WEEKLY EDITION | $2.50

Crime rate sharply down in Big Apple

By Liz Trotta
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

NEW YORK — It is shortly after dawn and the weathered faces of the Police Department's top brass are lit by the unearthly glow of green glass lamps ringing an enormous square table.

"What about the body found in the suitcase?" demands Jack Maple, the tough-talking deputy commissioner of operations, who is wearing golf shoes. His mustache twitches as he waits for an answer from the 108th Precinct commander.

"How about that character robbing bicycles on the 59th Street bridge? The guy with the dread locks. Did we catch him?"

A humble lieutenant quickly steps forward to field the question, searching for words. Overhead, on large screens, loom computer printouts and maps of every neighborhood, every street in the city. Progress or lack of it is there for all to see.

There are about 200 people in the room, including national crime experts, BBC television and a Saudi Arabian prince. Everyone

Photo by Carl Owen/The Washington Times

Budget Blues

President Clinton met with Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole and other congressional leaders last week, after which House Speaker Newt Gingrich told reporters: "There is not going to be a compromise."

Sowell awaits revolutionary leader

By Larry Witham
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

A leading black intellectual said last week that American cultural standards have dipped so low that no lukewarm candidate for president can bring a redeeming social crab grass so it looks OK for a while, which is the Bob Dole style," said Thomas Sowell, an economist and popular author.

He put more hope — and his endorsement — behind Sen. Phil Gramm, Texas Republican, during a Sept. 13 interview with editors could not gain the Republican nomination. "And if he wants to run for the Democratic Party, he's going to have to unseat a sitting president," said Mr. Sowell, who equally doubts his victory as an independent.

Extending the lawn manicure

Senate rejects welfare reforms

GOP moderates, conservatives split

By Cheryl Wetzstein
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

Conservative Republicans in the Senate were dealt a series of defeats Sept. 13 as fellow Republicans, aided by Democrats, rejected several ambitious welfare reforms.

Conservatives lost battles on measures to mandate a "family cap," which would deny additional cash welfare to women who have more children while receiving public assistance; end cash payments to unwed teen-age mothers; and eliminate a work program for the elderly that some consider redundant.

And conservatives could not derail an amendment to increase state authority over religious groups that get federal funds to serve the poor.

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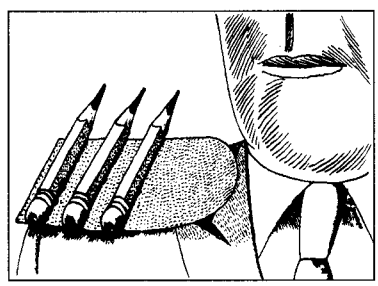
moned in short order to return to Washington to deal with weightier matters of state.

That pattern of assignments reflected not happenstance but shrewdness. The ethos of the profession in which Colin Powell flourished is as much one of cutthroat competition as it is of selfless service. Success requires that an officer master the rules of the game at an early age and then play that game with single-minded intensity. Powell was a quick study. Even as a very junior officer, he proved himself to be a skillful player, resolute in his refusal to be distracted by any extraneous cause or controversy. Thus, in recalling his encounters with flagrant racism while serving in the Deep South, Powell justifies his decision to swallow his resentment. "I wanted, above all, to succeed in my Army career. I did not intend to give way to self-destructive rage, no matter how provoked. If people in the South insisted on living by crazy rules, then I would play the hand dealt me for now." The rules were crazy but he would abide by them. He would not rock the boat. "I was not looking for trouble. I was not marching, demonstrating, or taking part in sit-ins. My eye was on an Army career for myself and a good life for my family. For me, the real world began on the post."



Nor would Powell rock the boat in Vietnam, although he denounces here the "conspiracy of illusion" foisted on the military by arrogant and uncaring civilian leaders. Powell served two tours in Southeast Asia, first as an advisor with ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam), subsequently with a U.S. unit. He claims to have known from the outset that the entire enterprise was bankrupt, and he derides the search for an operational formula to break the stalemate as not only futile but fatuous: "the secure-hamlet nonsense, the search-and-sweep nonsense, the body-count nonsense, all of which we knew was nonsense, even as we did it."

More craziness, but Powell continued to play the game. By the time he returned to Vietnam as a staff officer with the Americal Division—after the Tet Offensive and after My Lai—nonsense had been supplanted by widespread rot and corruption. The rules now included "euphemisms, lies, and self-deception" that were eating at the very foundation of American military professionalism. "Readiness and training reports in the Vietnam era," Powell records, "were routinely inflated to please and conceal rather than to evaluate and correct." As a division G-3, the officer responsible for compiling and collating those reports, he was in a position to know. But still Powell played the game, collecting his medals and impeccable efficiency reports. Then he went home. "A corrosive careerism had infected the Army," he admits, "and I was part of it."

Yet to leave the war zone was not to escape the war. Powell returned from Vietnam deeply affected by the experience. Anger and bitterness over the war coalesced into certain "lessons" that would henceforth inform his understanding of war and politics: the imperative of exquisitely well-defined objectives as a prerequisite for any military commitment; the importance of employing "massive force" to preclude future quagmires; the belief that civilian meddling in military matters invites disaster; the ever-present worry that under pressure the military's political masters would buckle, with soldiers left to pay the price.

The perceptions and prejudices that Powell took from Vietnam were by no means atypical among officers of his generation. Quite the opposite. Indeed, to the extent that *My American Journey* is of any lasting value it is precisely on this point: not as the up-from-the-Bronx tale of a fabulously popular general who may or may not make a run for the White House, but as a document that describes how the experience of Vietnam profoundly altered the relationship between the American military and American society. In this sense, Vietnam is the axis around which Powell's memoir turns, not simply an unpleasant way station in the path of a brilliant career, but its overarching motif, dark, disturbing, and even today unresolved.

The ignominious failure of Vietnam produced what Powell calls "the long estrangement between the American people and their defenders." Who bears the responsibility for that failure and that estrangement? Powell's view is clear: the fault rests with Them, not Us. The category of Them is a broad one, encompassing not only the architects of the war but their successors with whom Powell would deal as a senior officer, the amateurish and cavalier officials quick to treat GIs like "toy soldiers to be moved around on some global game board." It includes the Congress, which Powell castigates for its "shameful unwillingness to abandon the pork barrel and make the hard decisions the people elect it to make." And it includes the American people, implicitly condemned for failing to keep faith with those they sent to fight in Indochina. "As a career officer," Powell writes, "I was willing to do my duty. But as far as the rest of the country was concerned, we were doing it alone."

The sense of abandonment and betrayal implicit in those words marks the true beginning of the "journey" recounted in these pages. That journey is not personal but institutional. It is not the ascendancy of an ambitious young black soldier, but the recovery of a military establishment that gradually went from being viewed in the 1970s as a canker on American society to being hailed in the 1990s as the sole remaining healthy organ in a body politic otherwise afflicted with a raging distemper. In short, the essential theme of this book is not individual achievement but collective redemption.

Thus, Powell's vast satisfaction with U.S. victories in Panama and the Persian Gulf stems less from what these successes did to advance vital national interests than from how they helped end the military's Vietnam-induced alienation from society. Recalling how he had watched Operation Desert Storm unfold on TV (itself a telling revelation), Powell records his delight at seeing the GIs who had been vilified in Vietnam now celebrated as heroes. "I sat there, melting. This was the military I wanted the country to see, not the old stereotype dropout from nowheresville, but smart, motivated, patriotic Americans, the best and brightest." Were the festivities that followed the Gulf War victory a bit excessive? Probably, admits Powell. But in his view, "if we got too much adulation for this one, it made up for the neglect the troops had experienced coming home from those other wars."

Of course, no one has benefited more from that excess than Powell himself. In the popular mind, he personified the glistening image of competence, dedication, and high moral character now ad-

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hering to the military. As a result, for America's highest-ranking military officer, popular adulation of soldiers has translated directly into a multimillion-dollar book contract and made him a presidential contender even though the electorate has only the barest inkling of his political views.

Yet as the frenzy of the present-day Powell phenomenon itself suggests, if victory in the Gulf and elsewhere ended the military's estrangement, it has by no means produced a stable civil–military equilibrium. Instead, it has induced another wild fluctuation in society's attitude toward the military, with the new attitude no less distorted and artificial than the one that grew out of the Vietnam experience. That officers like Powell who were shaped by that experience are willing to indulge America's sudden infatuation with the military may be understandable. But in the long run this infatuation—based in part on illusion and exaggerated expectations—is not good for the American military. Nor is it good for American society as a whole.

According to Powell, the Army to which he devoted his adult life "was living the democratic ideal ahead of the rest of America"—a proposition that has been received uncritically and even endorsed by many in politics and the media. Yet that statement—implying that military institutions have much to teach the nation about democracy's true meaning—is profoundly misleading. Indeed, it reveals an elementary confusion about the distinction between military and civil values.

In fact, the ideals of the military are anything but democratic. Americans should not have it otherwise. For the military to fulfill its tasks as an instrument of state power requires that soldiers effectively nurture their military ideals—courage, discipline, honor, sacrifice, self-denial—which are the very antitheses of the radical individualism dominating American culture on the eve of the Third Millennium. Should the military succeed in remaining faithful to those ideals, this nation will have more than sufficient cause to be grateful. But to suggest that military institutions are in some sense custodians of the nation's political values is an outrageous conceit.

In reinforcing this confusion over the rehabilitated military's role in society, *My American Journey* provides a potent argument against General Powell's entry into politics.

The allure of a Powell Presidency is that installing a soldier in the White House—a unifying figure who rises above the muck of partisanship—will offer a means of sidestepping vexing social and cultural controversies. This is the politics of antipolitics, based on the patronizing notion that the complaints roiling the electorate do not deserve to be taken seriously and that personality or style alone might suffice to quiet the rabble. In his book, Powell himself betrays this attitude. He dismisses the outcome of the 1992 and 1994 elections as indicative of so much channel-surfing by befuddled voters. Using the armed forces as his model, he outlines an alternative theory of politics in which the supreme value would be harmony: "We have to start thinking of America as a family."

Whatever the ultimate destination of the political "revolution" now under way, soggy thinking like Colin Powell's would divert that revolution into the nearest bog. That prospect alone should give conservatives pause about lending support to a Powell candidacy. But there is a second and more fundamental reason why conservatives and liberals alike should view such a candidacy with skepticism: Powell's delusion that the attributes of military leadership offer a proper response to deep-seated political discontents, a delusion that suggests a badly muddled understanding of the theory and practice of democratic politics. The purpose of politics is not to

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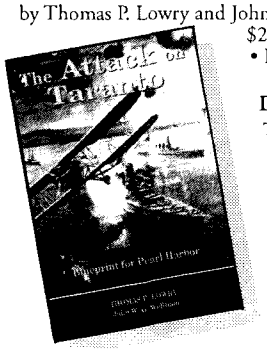

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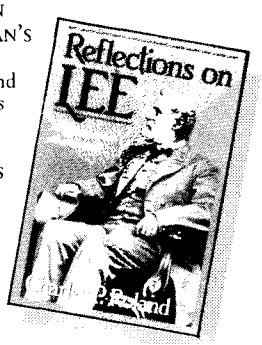

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anoint as leader someone who will soothe our discontents and "bring us together," but to provide an arena for fighting out the issues signified by those discontents, thereby determining the shape of American society.

Perhaps Powell himself will sense the danger imbedded in that muddle, the danger of disregarding a principle first articulated by the Founding Fathers but no less true today: that maintaining a clear distinction between the military realm and the civilian realm is essential to the well-being of this Republic. Encrusted with honors, his high standing with the people guaranteed by one last turn in the spotlight, Colin Powell would thus render his final act of service to his country and his profession by adhering to the soldier's code to which he has long aspired and quietly fading away. □

Bombs Away

MICHAEL B. KING

JAMES B. Conant was right to worry. In 1946, appalled at a sudden wave of criticism directed at the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Conant (president of Harvard University and a principal architect of America's A-bomb effort) feared a reprise of the second thoughts about American intervention abroad that had arisen post-Versailles 25 years before. Conant urged retired Secretary of War Henry Stimson to prepare a defense of the decision to use the bomb; Conant wanted a definitive and authoritative statement that would prevent future generations from being led astray by the "sentimental" and "verbally minded" who—in Conant's experience—dominated the teaching profession.

Stimson acceded to Conant's request, and the result was "The Decision to Use the Atomic Bomb," published in the February 1947 issue of *Harper's*. For a time, Stimson's work did what Conant intended, disarming critics with its measured explanation of why the atomic bomb had been used to compel Japan's surrender and avoid a Home Islands invasion (which would have entailed a million American casualties, according to Stimson). But eventually, what Conant feared came to pass anyway. By the 1990s, although a slim majority of Americans still endorsed the decision to drop the bomb on Japan, a majority of those under thirty now rejected that choice. This generational split undoubtedly reflected the classroom influence of a historiography dominated by a small group of revisionists who agree that the bombings were not necessary to compel Japan's surrender.

No wonder the curators of the Smithsonian were irked by the controversy triggered by their proposed *Enola Gay* exhibit. As curators they sought to present the scholarly consensus, which revisionism seemed to be. But no such consensus in fact exists. The old unity of pro-bomb opinion was disrupted by the revisionists; and now they have come under return fire. The fiftieth anniversary of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki raids has seen the publication of several scholarly works that reject the main revisionist contentions and offer a powerful defense of the decision to drop the bomb.

Code-Name Downfall: The Secret Plan to Invade Japan—and Why Truman Dropped the Bomb, by Thomas Allen and Norman Polmar (Simon & Schuster, 351 pp., $25)

Weapons for Victory: The Hiroshima Decision Fifty Years Later, by Robert James Maddox (Missouri, 232 pp., $19.95)

Truman and the Hiroshima Cult, by Robert P. Newman (Michigan State, 272 pp., $34.95)

The Decision to Use the Atomic Bomb and the Architecture of an American Myth, by Gar Alperovitz (Knopf, 843 pp., $32.50)

Hiroshima in America: Fifty Years of Denial, by Robert Jay Lifton and Greg Mitchell (Grosset/Putnam, 425 pp., $27.50)

Hiroshima: Why America Dropped the Bomb, by Ronald Takaki (Little, Brown, 193 pp., $19.95)

Judgment at the Smithsonian: The Bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, edited by Philip Nobile (Marlowe, 256 pp., $12.95)

Marching Orders: The Untold Story of World War II, by Bruce Lee (Crown, 624 pp., $30)

By my count, seven books were added to the A-bombings literature this year. Three of these efforts (which I will dub the "New Scholarship," in contradistinction to the previous critics' revisionism vis-à-vis what they often call the "Official" history) conclude that the bombings were motivated principally by the desire to compel Japanese surrender and avoid a slaughterous invasion, and that the bombings probably did just that. *Code-Name Downfall*, by Thomas Allen and Norman Polmar (an established writing team on military matters), offers a detailed analysis of what an invasion of Japan would have entailed. *Weapons for Victory*, by Robert James Maddox (a veteran historian of World War II and the Cold War), presents a tightly woven narrative analysis of why Truman decided to use the bomb. *Truman and the Hiroshima Cult*, by Professor Robert P. Newman, analyzes how the documentary record has been used (and misused) to construct what the author calls "the Hiroshima Cult."

The other four works reflect the revisionist point of view. *The Decision to Use the Atomic Bomb and the Architecture of an American Myth*, by Gar Alperovitz, is a massive tome by the originator of the charge that the bombings were "atomic diplomacy" intended to intimidate Stalin. *Hiroshima in America: Fifty Years of Denial*, by Robert Jay Lifton and Greg Mitchell, is really a diagnosis of a psychiatric disorder, not an analysis of the bombings themselves; taking the revisionist critique at face value, Lifton and Mitchell presume to offer nothing less than a psychohistory of America (their oft-repeated finding: we are "numbed" to the wrong committed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki). *Hiroshima: Why America Dropped the Bomb*, by Ronald Takaki, also assumes that the revisionists are right, and offers a "multicultural" theory of why Truman dropped the bomb, focusing on images of racism and machismo. Finally, *Judgment at the Smithsonian*, edited by Philip Nobile, reprints the full text of the Smithsonian's *Enola Gay* exhibit as of January 1994, before

Mr. King is an appellate lawyer in Seattle.

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the curators were forced by popular opinion to revise their revision; this document is sandwiched between a fevered essay by the editor and a far more substantial analysis of the evolution of A-bomb historiography by Professor Barton Bernstein of Stanford. To these seven I add *Marching Orders*, Bruce Lee's comprehensive history of America's decrypting of Japan's diplomatic ciphers during World War II (code-named MAGIC).

Here is what we learn:

1. *Were invasion casualty estimates overblown? Was Truman's real motive to prove a point to Stalin?* Nothing rubbed nerves rawer during the debate over the *Enola Gay* exhibit than the argument about estimated American casualties during an invasion of the Japanese Home Islands. Revisionists claim that they have exploded the postwar "myth" of one million American invasion casualties avoided by a Japanese surrender. Bernstein discusses the matter in detail in his lengthy essay in *Judgment at the Smithsonian*, and Alperovitz, Lifton & Mitchell, and Takaki also spend a good deal of time on this point.

The revisionists are right in one respect: unqualified postwar claims that the bombings "saved one million American lives" have obscured the far more confusing and uncertain reality faced by American decision-makers in 1945. Nonetheless, the New Scholarship decisively refutes the claim that casualty estimates running into the millions were cooked up after the war in justification of the bombings; in fact, such estimates were common currency at the time Truman was deciding whether to use the bomb. Moreover, the New Scholarship shows that the much lower casualty estimates for the first thirty days of the invasion of Kyushu prepared under Joint Chiefs of Staff auspices for a White House conference on June 18, 1945 (which estimates constitute the basis of the revisionists' "myth" claims), were discredited by a flood of intelligence over the next several weeks showing that Japan had double its expected troop strength on Kyushu—and this with the projected landings still months away! Thus, by August Truman had every reason to fear that an invasion could mean hundreds of thousands of Americans killed in action.

This ghastly prospect, not "atomic diplomacy," was Truman's principal concern in deciding to drop the bomb. In this regard, the contrast between Alper-

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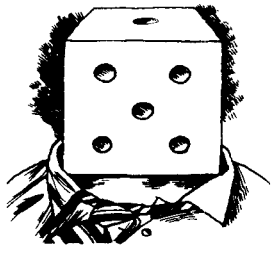
ovitz and Maddox is telling. Twenty-one years ago, in *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War*, Maddox ripped Alperovitz for shoddy scholarship apropos of his claim that Truman had dropped the bomb to intimidate Stalin even though Truman knew that the Japanese were about to surrender. Without acknowledging anything beyond a few "graduate school" errors, Alperovitz is back with an expanded effort that reads more like a legal brief than a history. Maddox, for his part, covering the same ground in one quarter the space, again makes mincemeat of Alperovitz's thesis. For example, Alperovitz cites a 1975 Averell Harriman memoir to prove that our ambassador to Moscow held back Nationalist China from signing an agreement with Stalin as part of a scheme to delay Soviet entry into the war until after we could drop the bomb. Maddox uses contemporaneous documents to prove that the Nationalists were actually appalled at Stalin's terms and that Harriman urged them to take what they could get out of concern that a holdup on a Sino-Soviet agreement would delay Soviet entry into the Pacific conflict.

2. *Was Japan trying to surrender? Did America ignore Japanese peace feelers?* The revisionists have long contended that the answer to both these questions is yes, and Takaki, along with Lifton & Mitchell, essentially treat these as established facts. Alperovitz at least purports to prove that Japan would have surrendered if only America had guaranteed the Emperor's status, and that Truman deliberately ignored clear Japanese peace feelers so that the bomb could be used to bring Stalin to heel. On this issue, the New Scholarship (with help from Lee) again has the decided upper hand. Allen & Polmar, Maddox, and Newman all discuss how the MAGIC decryptions revealed that Japan was preparing a "decisive battle" on the beaches of Kyushu while trying to strike separate deals with Chiang Kai-shek and then with Stalin. And while the Japanese did attempt to initiate, at the Emperor's behest, a nebulous "peace" initiative through Moscow in the summer of 1945, Lee's analysis of recently declassified MAGIC decryptions makes it crystal clear that America's leaders had no reason to believe that a (pre-bomb) guarantee of the Emperor's status would have opened the door to peace. On the contrary, Truman and his advisors learned in the middle of the Potsdam Conference that Tokyo had rejected the suggestion of its ambassador to Moscow that Japan seek peace based on the sole condition that "the Imperial House [be] preserved"; Foreign Minister Togo told Ambassador Sato that "we are unable to consent" to such a proposal "under any circumstances."

3. *Did the A-bombings contribute materially to Japanese surrender? Would a Soviet declaration of war have sufficed?* Relying heavily on the conclusions of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey [USSBS] and postwar statements by various American military leaders, the revisionists allege that even without the atomic bombings Japan would have quit before the first landing craft was scheduled to come ashore on Kyushu. The New Scholarship again has the better of the argument. Newman demolishes the USSBS assertion that Japan would have surrendered before the scheduled invasion without the bombs' being dropped; his detailed analysis of interviews with Japanese leaders shows that the survey actually uncovered overwhelming evidence that the bombings played an essential role in breaking the cabinet deadlock and permitting acceptance of the Potsdam surrender terms. Newman goes on to demonstrate that the survey's contrary conclusion reflected the imposition by director Paul Nitze of his preconceived view that neither the bombings nor an invasion was needed to force Japan's capitulation. Meanwhile, Maddox discredits the idea that American military leaders such as General Dwight Eisenhower, Presidential Chief of Staff (and Admiral) William Leahy, and Army Air Chief Hap Arnold openly and contemporaneously dissented from the decision to drop the bomb; while all vigorously criticized the bombings after the war, Maddox shows they did not do so at the time.



As for the "Soviet option," Lee's scholarship confirms what Robert Butow's studies long ago indicated: by August 1945, Japan's leaders were already steeled to the likelihood that the Soviet Union would enter the war against her. MAGIC decryptions revealed to America's leaders that, after the Soviets announced in April that they would not renew their neutrality pact with Japan, the Japanese military began closely monitoring Soviet troop movements; and by summer Japan's leaders knew that the Soviets were building up forces for an assault on Manchuria. While the combination of the atomic bombings and the Soviet attack on Manchuria undoubtedly helped the Japanese peace faction, the New Scholarship confirms that the Soviet attack would probably not have been sufficient to compel a Japanese surrender. Even more important, the MAGIC decryptions of confidential reports to and from Japan's attachés, which reflected a continuing belligerence even in the face of an impending Soviet attack on Manchuria, show that America's leaders had no reason to think such an attack would prove enough to force Japan's surrender.

4. *Would a demonstration have sufficed? Was the Nagasaki bombing really necessary?* Surprisingly, Alperovitz et al. make little attempt to argue for the "demonstration drop" alternative, instead concentrating on whether American decision-makers gave sufficient attention to that alternative. But they never say what would have been sufficient (a special commission holding hearings, with testimony taken under oath?). The fact is, as the New Scholarship underscores, that this alternative was debated at several levels and over several weeks; ultimately, a demonstration was rejected because there was too great a risk of failure.

Nagasaki, however, is a different matter. Especially in the wake of Watergate and recent revelations of criminal irresponsibility by the Atomic Energy Commission at key nuclear-weapons development sites, the Nagasaki bombing has the appearance of a monstrous exercise in bureaucratic can-do-ism. The New Scholarship (Newman and Maddox in particular) does make a persuasive case that the Nagasaki bomb played a vital role in internal Japanese deliberations: the militarist "die-hard" faction placed great stress on the notion that America could not have more than one atomic bomb, and the news from Nagasaki threw the militarists publicly off balance and further emboldened their "peace" adversaries. Still, evidence that Nagasaki may have influenced Japanese decision-makers merely moves to center stage the issue of whether America may have done the right thing for very wrong reasons; on this point,

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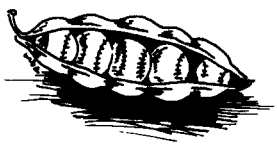
the revisionists seem to retain the better of the argument.

5. *What might an invasion have been like?* This chilling question is dealt with brilliantly by Allen & Polmar. Among the gruesome details: poison gas would have been extensively employed to avoid a repeat of the bloody fights on Okinawa and other islands, where flamethrowers and other close-in, risky techniques were used to root out Japanese defenders from the tunnel networks of which they were the undisputed masters. Perhaps the most ironic revelation is that the U.S. Army planned to use atomic bombs to clear Kyushu landing sites—Manhattan Project scientists had assured George Marshall and others that the bomb-drop area would be safe for troops to operate in within "a few hours"! Newman meanwhile offers a detailed analysis of what more war would have meant to the civilian populations of Japan and the rest of East Asia, as well as special groups such as the hundreds of thousands of Allied prisoners of war and civilian internees held by the Japanese. Building on prior scholarship, he offers a compelling synthesis to show that continuing the war for as little as six months would have meant death for millions of Asian civilians, and probably for all the Allied prisoners and internees, who were on the brink of expiring from starvation and who were under the shadow of massacre orders issued by various local Japanese commanders.



6. *What part did race play in the decision?* More and more emphasis has been placed on the notion that the Pacific theater was the site of a race war that differed in kind from the war fought between the Western Allies and the European Axis powers. Takaki makes this a central theme of his book, and adds some provocative points about the frontier "culture of virility" in which Truman was raised and which still dominated American life at the time of World War II. But, as Newman notes, speculations about racist motivations should yield to facts such as the orders Colonel Paul Tibbets, the *Enola Gay*'s pilot, received in 1944 to prepare strike plans against Germany *and* Japan.

As these highlights show, claims of a scholarly consensus that rejects the bombings cannot legitimately survive the publications of the New Scholarship. I say "legitimately," because books like those of Maddox and Newman, the products of small university presses, have largely been lost in the blare of publicity given to revisionist competitors aided by their commercial publishers; only *Code-Name Downfall*, also published by a commercial house, has received anything close to comparable attention. Still, there are signs that the New Scholarship has caused some in the mainstream media to question the assumption that the only ones defending the atomic bombings are veterans, while the historians are all on the revisionist side.

Which brings me to a final observation. I am struck by the way conventional forms of presenting the history of the bombings have driven the American public into an intellectual cul de sac. How is the layman to judge for himself when people like Alperovitz and Maddox come to such dramatically different conclusions, working from the same historical record? The answer may be found in the appendix to Lee's *Marching Orders*, where the author presents some of the key MAGIC decryptions. What we need is reproduction of a cross-section of the vital documents at issue, with a minimum of commentary. Let the public read the decryptions, the Stimson diary entries, and other records. Then they can turn to the professional literature, armed with the tools to make an informed judgment. If that is done, I predict that in 25 years the tide will have turned again, and 1995 will be remembered as the high-water mark of the "Cult of Hiroshima"—a phenomenon that has a lot more to do with anti–Cold War politics than it does with a dispassionate study of history. □

One Side Fits All

TERRY TEACHOUT

"THE real war will never get in the books," Walt Whitman wrote in *Specimen Days*. This sentiment is echoed throughout *Reporting World War II*, the Library of America's superlatively edited new collection of wartime journalism. Time and again, those who were paid to tell Americans about the war confessed in print their feelings of inadequacy. Even Bill Mauldin, whose *Up Front* (reprinted in its entirety here) is perhaps the most vivid chronicle of its kind, felt unable to explain to civilians the essence of war:

> You can't understand it by reading magazines or newspapers or by looking at pictures or by going to newsreels. You have to smell it and feel it all around you until you can't imagine what it used to be like when you walked on a sidewalk or tossed clubs up into horse-chestnut trees or fished for perch or when you did anything at all without a pack, a rifle, and a bunch of grenades.

It's not for a civilian born in 1956 to second-guess Bill Mauldin, but it strikes me that anyone seeking to understand World War II could do a lot worse than start here. Mauldin's own drawings of Willie and Joe, two hapless dogfaces shivering in the sticky mud of Anzio, speak volumes. So do Ernie Pyle's Scripps-Howard wire dispatches, each one a Goya canvas translated into a few hundred uncomplicated words ("You feel small in the presence of dead men, and you don't ask silly questions"). So do A. J. Liebling's mordantly witty *New Yorker* stories, possibly the best American writing, not excluding fiction, to come out of World War II.

Reporting World War II: American Journalism 1938–1944, edited by Samuel Hynes, Anne Matthews, Nancy Caldwell Sorel, and Roger J. Spiller (Library of America, 912 pp., $35)

Reporting World War II: American Journalism 1944–1946, edited by Samuel Hynes, Anne Matthews, Nancy Caldwell Sorel, and Roger J. Spiller (Library of America, 970 pp., $35)

A few of these pieces are famous: Pyle's recounting of the death of Captain Henry T. Waskow; Edward R. Murrow's tight-lipped, barely controlled report from Buchenwald ("I have reported what I saw and heard, but only part of it. For most of it I have no words"); William L. Laurence's first-

Mr. Teachout is music critic for Commentary. *His latest book is* A Second Mencken Chrestomathy.

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person description of the bombing of Nagasaki; John Hersey's *Hiroshima*, at once a dazzling piece of reportage and the founding document of postwar liberal guilt. Most, like their authors, are obscure or entirely forgotten. Yet they hold up, especially by comparison with the handful of pieces by such celebrated writers as Ernest Hemingway, Irwin Shaw, and Gertrude Stein, virtually none of which is of any value whatsoever. It was the working journalists—most of them, anyway—who knew how to keep their personalities out of the way and tell what they saw, and who thereby managed to get a thousand bits and pieces of the real war into the books for all time.

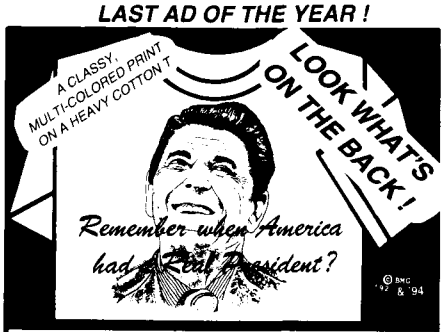
Read in sequence, the selections reprinted in *Reporting World War II* provide a point of view missing from conventional histories: they tell you what ordinary Americans knew about World War II, and how and when they found out about it. The Japanese–American internment camps, for example, were not a shameful secret hushed up by an embarrassed White House, but a decision known about and publicly debated, often quite angrily, almost from the outset. Nor were the Nazi death camps suddenly discovered by Americans in the spring of 1945: Murrow first described them via shortwave from London on CBS in 1942. The diary-like quality of these volumes adds greatly to their value, and reminds us that despite all the retrospective complaining about how Americans saw World War II through the eyes of military censors, the fact is that they saw a lot.

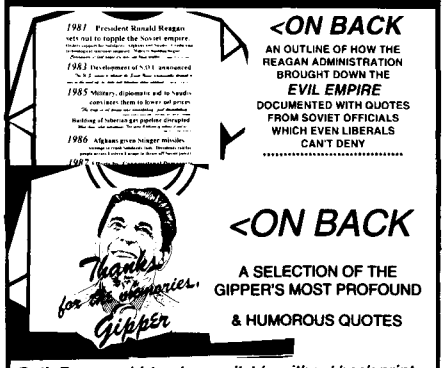
Not that *Reporting World War II* tells the whole story of how World War II was reported. Except for Martha Gellhorn's awful *Collier's* stories, most of the self-aggrandizing I-was-there journalism so beloved of Thirties book buyers has been omitted. So has any hint of how pre-war isolationists made the case for American non-involvement (one or two of H. L. Mencken's *Baltimore Sun* columns from 1939 and 1940 would have added useful perspective), or any suggestion that the Soviet–American alliance might pose strategic problems for the future, much less that it was morally problematic (one may take leave to doubt that it ever occurred to the editors to include "The Ghosts on the Roof," Whittaker Chambers's famous 1945 essay for *Time* about the Yalta conference).

Certain other editorial decisions seem to have been motivated by political correctness. Women writers are overrepresented, for the most part to little effect. On the other hand, the selections by black journalists, nearly all of them correspondents for the great black newspapers of the Forties, are consistently illuminating, not least because they contain the only voices of dissent to be heard in these volumes. For example, Roi Ottley's "Negroes Are Saying . . ." offers a deeply unsettling reminder that many blacks at first saw little reason to fight for a country that treated them as subhuman; I flinched when Ottley compared the "atmosphere of judicial fairness and public calm" in which suspected Nazi saboteurs were tried to a lynching of a black man that took place in my Missouri hometown in 1942.

In a way, the most fascinating thing about *Reporting World War II* is the almost complete absence from its pages of debate about the wisdom or morality of the war. Fascinating, that is, for those of us who grew up listening not to Ed Murrow but to Walter Cronkite, and whose war was not World War II but Vietnam. Such unanimity of purpose is hard for baby-boomers to grasp, or even imagine: we were taught to believe that truth was a matter of opinion, patriotism a bourgeois relic, and military service an obligation of the lower classes. America was a very different country in 1941, and these two volumes, among their many virtues, do much to explain the difference. □

LAST AD OF THE YEAR !

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Their Town

FLORENCE KING

CULPEPER, Virginia, is thirty miles west of Fredericksburg where I live. To get there you drive out toward Spotsylvania Mall and continue on past other burgeoning retail centers at Chancellorsville and Wilderness. As these once-hallowed names attest, you are on what some developer

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sooner or later will call the "Civil War Strip": shop till you drop in the midst of dead where they fell.

Unlike the other places along our route, Culpeper does not have "battle of" in front of its name. No battle was ever fought in Culpeper, and unlike Atlanta it was never burned. A single, unequivocal event would have been easier to bear, but Culpeper remained the eye of the storm for over three years.

Situated on the southern bank of the Rappahannock river midway between Chesapeake Bay and the Blue Ridge, Culpeper with its fords was a natural invasion point, and the launch pad for some of the most important campaigns, starting with First Manassas. It was the place both armies went through to get somewhere else, where they retreated after battles, where they set up their headquarters and winter encampments. Cemetery, morgue, hospital; experimental station for Nurse Clara Barton, inspirational station for Nurse Walt Whitman, railroad station for Libbie Custer at conjugal-visit time. If CNN and *Hard Copy* had existed, they would have been in Culpeper, too.

This orgy of to-ing and fro-ing is skillfully shaped and artfully dramatized by Daniel E. Sutherland, chairman of the history department at the University of Arkansas. Writing in the present tense from the viewpoint of a few repre-

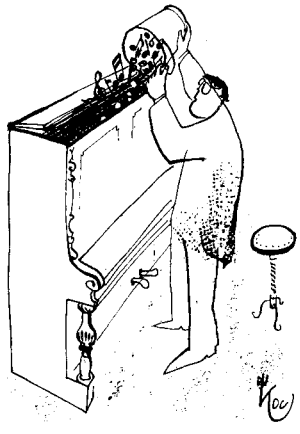
Seasons of War: The Ordeal of a Confederate Community, 1861–1865, by Daniel E. Sutherland (Free Press, 400 pp., $25)

sentative Culpeper families, he infuses his vast scholarly research with gossipy immediacy and displays a gift for envisaged narration that most screenwriters would envy, not to mention most Civil War historians.

He wastes no time deploring slavery, but does show that its tensions had produced some interesting eccentricities. By 1860 some people refused to own slaves but did rent them; Culpeper had three auction houses that went unused as buyers quietly resorted to private transactions. Efforts at emancipation usually produced tragi-comic situations. A nice old lady freed her slaves in her will, but stipulated that they could be sold if the law at the time of her death prohibited manumission. A well-meaning planter spared no expense to colonize his freed slaves in Pennsylvania, but they came back.

After First Manassas, Culpeper received the Confederate casualties and some Union ones as well, sparking the first of many debates about how to behave toward the enemy. Anyone displaying too much kindness came under suspicion, but the town established a medical ward in its poorhouse for wounded Yankees.

Meanwhile, healthy Yankees camped across the river slipped over at night and raided crops and barns. The townspeople responded with guerrilla warfare, which led to Union General John Pope's notorious Order No. 11 providing for the execution of Rebel civilians. When Pope's forces invaded Culpeper in 1862, his men interpreted the order as carte blanche for wanton destruction of civilian homes and crops.



Captain Charles Francis Adams Jr. did what he could to control his Massachusetts company, but most officers were like the New York chaplain who wrote his wife, "We are so far into the heart of secessia now that we don't try to restrain the men much but let them forage to their hearts' content." He regretted only that they had demolished a church.

At the height of these depredations a Yankee trooper wrote home, "Secession is more rabid and bitter here than in any place we have been in Virginia." He was especially offended by female bitterness, expressed by a "contemptuous and disdainful sneer."

The disdainful sneer, a by-product of the region's aristocratic self-image, is the Southern woman's specialty. But she has another, even more celebrated specialty that cannot be long frustrated, else she will suffer withdrawal pains: she must flirt or die.

Two years later, as Confederate troops massed near Culpeper, an incensed patriot hauled some young ladies before Robert E. Lee and told him they had been overly friendly to Yankee officers and even attended parties at General John Sedgwick's headquarters.

Lee's unruffled reply shows to what extent the Civil War was one big West Point class reunion: "I know General Sedgwick very well. It is just like him to be so kindly and considerate, and to have his band there to entertain them. So, young ladies, if the music is good, go and hear it as often as you can, and enjoy yourselves. You will find that General Sedgwick will have none but agreeable gentlemen about him."

When Culpeper was occupied for the third time by General George Meade, it seemed that the Yankees would take permanent root. Officers' wives visited at Christmas of 1863, to the vicarious pleasure of the enlisted men. "It does seem so good to catch a view of the ladies occasionally," one confided to his diary. "It is a variety that softens the harsh, coarse, everyday life in the army, so full of everything hostile to society, and evils that blunt the finer sensibilities and feelings." That an ordinary soldier could express such mature ideas so well stuns a later age, but these troops were Victorians who revered the diarist's art.

The soldiers stationed in Culpeper that Christmas also learned something that Pat Schroeder and her women-in-combat allies have yet to grasp. They decided to have a dance, correcting the dearth of females by arraying some of their comrades in dresses confiscated from Rebel women. At first it was pleasantly silly, but when a fight broke out something primitive happened—suddenly, just for a moment, the "males" found themselves instinctively protecting their "female" partners.

Mr. Sutherland fleshes out his characters so deftly that they seem to be at our elbow. We are tense around the perpetually irritable Jubal Early, shocked by macho Jeb Stuart's intense interest in a handsome Alabama captain, repelled by Nurse Cornelia Hancock of New Jersey, who seemed to enjoy looking at corpses.

He never gets bogged down in military strategy. In describing the battle of Cedar Mountain he concentrates not on the battle itself but on its aftermath, when "bullet-riddled trees look as though they have been devoured by termites." The details are ghoulish, but the controlled prose strips horror of its shock value and evokes the stark pity of the classical epic: "One officer, having lost his hat, spots a likely replacement

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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lying beside a dead man. He picks it up and is about to crown himself when he sees the inside smeared with the brains of its previous owner." □

FILM

That Old S&V

JOHN SIMON

SINCE everybody writing about film, and everybody not writing about film, has seen fit to carry on about sex and violence in the movies—as unsunderable, it appears, as a bicycle built for two, hence to be discussed only in tandem—I resolved to abstain. But a time comes for all good resolutions to be relinquished, and when a bunch of pictures from *Seven* (which I have yet to see) to *Dead Presidents* (which I have yet to forget) is ravaging our screens, I must lock horns with the inevitable. Let me concentrate on *Strange Days*, which has garnered critical enthusiasm; *Assassins*, on which reviewers are divided; and *Showgirls*, which has aroused universal ridicule.

One problem with film criticism is that it is probably the most disregarded branch of reviewing. Books take time to read, serious music and fine arts require specialized knowledge, theater is expensive, and dance is bedevilingly ubiquitous. In all these, some guidance is welcome. But everyone knows everything there is to know about movies, right? So why bother with reviews? Considering who writes them these days, I must reluctantly agree.

A general consideration first. Sex and violence may or may not be damaging to young minds, but they are certainly stultifying to older ones. We must, of course, distinguish between films that *include* sex and/or violence, and films that *are* sex and/or violence from end to end. Abuses, possible among the former, are almost inevitable in the latter. Why? Because whereas other subjects—e.g., love, politics, war, human stupidity—are susceptible to endless permutations, sex and/or violence, stretched to fill an entire movie, can do only one thing: escalate. Sex must become bigger (in duration, number of participants, unsubtlety) or kinkier—usually both; violence has to become, simply or compli-catedly, more violent. Those are the only possible progressions, and while intelligent people may disagree on the moral issues, anyone with an iota of aesthetic sensibility (a/k/a taste) ought to be able to spot surfeit, monotony, boredom.

Alas, it ain't so. To an entomologist, the dung beetle provides endless fascination; for the aficionados of sex or violence, the approach is similarly entomological. Many, probably most, people have some curiosity about sex and violence, and both can be decidedly photogenic. What I find hard to concede—or even to fathom—is the current insatiability: two to two and a half hours of S&V keeping viewers as contented as pigs in clover—the three-leafed variety at that, with no hope or desire for the four-leaf.

Showgirls, however, has managed to disappoint even the most assiduous seekers of sex in movies. Written by Joe Eszterhas, who gets millions for a screenplay, and directed by Paul Verhoeven, considered a specialist in sex, *Showgirls* (so much beneath this team's interesting *Basic Instinct*) merely shows that you cannot make hardcore pornography as a big-budget, major-studio release. Even though, as here, the NC-17 rating was happily accepted—indeed, sought—the kind of hardcore that thrives unrated in obscure fleabags was shied away from. Hence the movie was obliged to substitute for certain impermissibles a plot, a story—something unconscionable in the realms of pristine pornography.

The idea was to explore what goes on in the hotels, dance halls, and strip joints of Las Vegas—to go behind the scenes and expose the private lives behind the publicly exposed bodies. I have no doubt that such backstage and bedroom goings-on are seamy, and that

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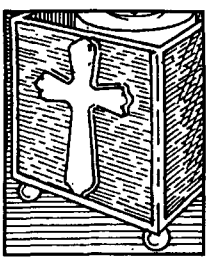

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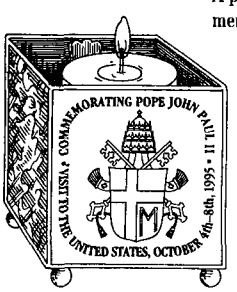

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some of the language must be the kind used in this film. But to keep up my interest for 130 minutes would take more than generally splendid naked or near-naked bodies plastered all over, with generally trite and improbable dialogue and action filling the interstices.

The dialogue includes the possible, such as a showgirl saying, "I want my nipples to press, but I don't want them to look like they're levitating." Also the impossible, such as the manager of the low-grade Cheetah coming to see his ex-star now featured at the high-grade Stardust, and saying to her backstage, "Must be weird not to have anyone coming on you." The latter also explains the raucous guffaws with which the audience generously salutes much here that is meant to be erotic or serious.

■ ***Assassins***, directed by Richard Donner, is the kind of movie whose press kit lists seven producers, headed by the obnoxious Joel Silver, ahead of the three writers, who, however, prove to be equally obnoxious. And, further, the kind of movie whose plot you cannot really follow because it is a) convoluted beyond unscrambling by the ordinary brain, b) distasteful beyond endurance by a normal stomach, and c) stupid.

We are asked to concern ourselves with the rivalry between the world's No. 1 and No. 2 hitmen, sometimes almost friendly, but mostly lethal. There is Sylvester Stallone as the cool hitman, his features in a permanent mournful scowl, as if a hundred hangdog Hamlets were trying to squeeze through a hairnet. Challenging him is Antonio Banderas as the hot hitman, something like a trigger-happy laughing hyena, always over the top as well as over the sides and bottom. Both actors have a certain advantage vis-à-vis the screenplay "by Andy Wachowski & Larry Wachowski and Brian Helgeland" (where "&" in current credit parlance means collaboration, whereas "and" means earlier version or rewrite): Mr. Banderas because his thick Spanish accent makes him often unintelligible, Mr. Stallone because his lethargic delivery makes him frequently inaudible.

Julienne Moore—as the mark whom the one tries to kill and the other, despite his instructions, to protect—has no such advantage, and we get to hear her lines all too plainly. And apropos of plainly, this usually fetching actress is here shot by Vilmos Zsigmond and made up by whomever to look very nearly unsightly. She does, however, tote about a very sexy long-haired tabby that, coincidentally, gives the only attractive, unforced performance.

Assassins is a prime specimen of that odious genre in which a character, and especially the heavy, can take the most brutal beating, kicking, shooting, and other such inconveniences with only minimal damage—say, what you or I would incur while shaving or taking a mild stumble—to come back for more mischief, to the surprise and peril of those who think they have safely put him away. Call it the Rasputin motif, though it makes the Russian monk a pushover by comparison. Here Mr. Banderas, having been shot several times and fallen through several floors of an admittedly crumbling building, rebounds to carry on just as murderously and unappetizingly as before.

■ Finally, ***Strange Days***, directed by Kathryn Bigelow and co-written by her ex-husband, James Cameron, and the former *Time* critic Jay Cocks. This two-and-a-half-hour apocalypse is the story of the eve of the year 2000 and its millennial horrors in the streets of Los Angeles, now completely engulfed by mayhem. We begin with a tracking shot showing every imaginable and unimaginable crime in progress along the sidewalks, with cops and malefactors barely distinguishable. It is the kind of chaos that not even Los Angeles, the city prey to the most fateful visitations since Sodom and Gomorrah, could survive, although the movie wants us to believe it does, thanks largely to the efforts of its hero and heroine.

Having a much bigger budget than *Assassins*, *Strange Days* manages to be exponentially more loathsome. The plot concerns a gizmo called SQUID (Superconducting Quantum Interference Device), eminently portable and enabling a person to record not only the sights and sounds of an event, but also the thoughts and feelings of its participants, and later permitting anyone else to experience it all in cozily virtual reality. Thus we see the hero, Ralph Fiennes, savoring the virtual reality of a heist and shootout on what is presumably a nice SQUID. Subsequently, via the film's villain, he is treated to a not-so-nice SQUID that records the sender's perpetration of torture, rape, and murder on a young woman, the feelings and thoughts of both killer and victim all duly caught.

Mr. Fiennes is a fine actor, and he and the terrific Angela Bassett, as his sidekick, give remarkable performances under the circumstances. The villains—Tom Sizemore, Michael Wincott, and several more—are good and beastly; only Juliette Lewis is, as usual, unendurable. Incidentally, I remember when, many years ago, Jay Cocks spent most of our lunch together warning me against the cocaine addiction of a gorgeous young woman, my then girlfriend. His moral indignation knew no limit; as co-author of *Strange Days*, he has come a long way. And another thing. In the press kits of both *Assassins* and *Strange Days*, much is made of their makers' latest billion-dollar efforts "outgrossing" their previous ones. From the mouths of babes and publicists . . . □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Race, Gender, and Power in America: The Legacy of the Hill–Thomas Hearing, edited by Anita F. Hill and Emma Coleman Jordan (Oxford, 302 pp., $25)

THE contributors to this book do not argue that Clarence Thomas was guilty as charged and should have been rejected for the Supreme Court. They simply assume these premises—indeed, the idea that an accusation of sexual harassment could ever be false has evidently never occurred to them—and try to explain the cultural pathologies that in 1991 kept most Americans from grasping the obvious. This approach has its advantages: none of the authors need mention, let alone try to refute, David Brock's *The Real Anita Hill*. Miss Hill complains

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that she was not taken seriously because she, unlike Thomas, lacked both a spouse and a Senate sponsor. Charles Lawrence III denounces Thomas's likening of himself to the victim of a lynching because, as "the ultimate house slave," he had no right to cast himself as an "uppity black man." Emma Coleman Jordan writes, implausibly, that Thomas tried to profit from "the unwritten understanding that lynching was reserved for the violation of white women's honor. He could remind the senators that Hill was no white woman, so what was all the fuss about?" A. Leon Higginbotham Jr. explores various scenarios—what if Miss Hill had been white? or Judge Thomas? or both?—through the lens of racial paranoia. Other essays broach broader subjects. Susan Deller Ross celebrates the expansion of the regulatory state and the new classes of litigation that are probably going to be the most enduring part of "the legacy of the Hill–Thomas hearings." Robert Allen flagellates himself on behalf of his entire sex: "Harassing behavior is something many of us men have engaged in. . . . We knew what we were doing." The most interesting chapter is Orlando Patterson's "The Crisis of Gender Relations among African Americans"; his analysis is Freudian and subversively conservative, though he ostentatiously eschews the label. All in all, there's nothing wrong with this book that a lighted match couldn't fix.

—Ramesh Ponnuru

The Naked Heart, by Peter Gay (Norton, 463 pp., $29.95)

Henry Adams wrote of George Bancroft that "he has written the History of the United States in a dozen volumes without reaching his subject." One fears that, when it is finished, Peter Gay's five-part series, *The Bourgeois Experience: Victoria to Freud*, will merit a similar verdict. *The Naked Heart*, the penultimate volume, is a frustrating book. Gay adeptly shows how in the nineteenth century the world of letters turned inward and the rising middle class followed not too far behind. Lacking a strong sense of God's presence in the world, individuals probed their own souls in search of the divine. Unfortunately, Gay does not continue from that point of departure to write the story of how the turn inward, begun as a reaction against the dispassionate science of the eighteenth century, served only to alienate men further from one another and from God, and how, in general, the modern mind often undermines what it cherishes. Instead, he chronicles, at considerable length but not at progressively greater depth, the dimensions of that journey into the self in, among other fields, music, history, biography, and letter- and diary-writing. Also, readers who do not think that Freud had any ultimate insights into the human mind will have to overlook Gay's frequent use of psychoanalysis. But despite all these shortcomings, the book has much to teach.

—Richard Samuelson

John Wayne: American, by Randy Roberts and James S. Olson (Free Press, 738 pp., $27.50)

This huge biography by two history professors tells you, in a curiously bland way, at least as much as you ever wanted to know about John Wayne, from his childhood adoption of the name "Duke" (borrowed from the family Airedale) to his deathbed reception into the Catholic Church. The bibliography contains hundreds of items, every reference scrupulously sourced. Wayne's story is, to some degree, the story of Hollywood, and yet we are told almost nothing, certainly nothing gossipy or amusing, about his co-stars and fellow actors. There is a good deal about John Ford, because it was Ford, as Wayne himself said, who made him into something quite different from Roy Rogers or Gene Autry; their sometimes abrasive relationship is a recurrent refrain. The political controversies, as well as the artistic merits (or otherwise) of individual films are discussed coolly but sympathetically. Admirers of John Wayne—a category that included Khrushchev and Hirohito, both of whom asked to meet him during their visits to America—will find much to interest but little to surprise them. With John Wayne, as his eldest son, Michael, said recently, you got what you saw: and what you saw, in Maureen O'Hara's emotional phrase, was everybody's dream of how the United States should be.

—Anthony Lejeune

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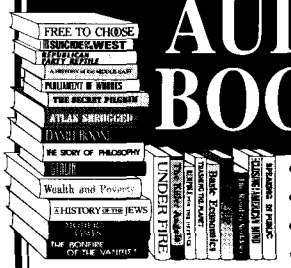

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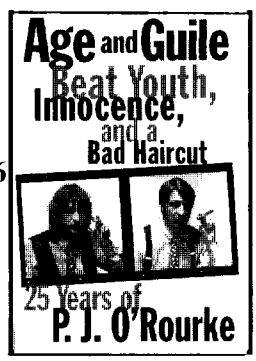

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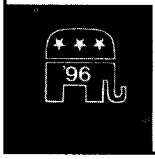

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PONNURU

(Continued from page 54)

the '70s policy of high energy prices, this time for the benefit of lesser totalitarians.)

Mr. Buchanan's apparently shrewd use of economic nationalism as a strategy that "enables me to reach into Clinton's constituency" has hidden dangers. As Robert Novak wrote in *NR* [Aug. 14], Goldwater and Reagan also tried to enlarge the conservative coalition, but without "consciously reaching out to a wholly new constituency with ideas that differed substantially from those of their rivals inside the party." Mr. Buchanan's new coalition might not remain dedicated to limited government for long—or indeed for short. Its position on trade suggests a cramped view of economic freedom. And already the effort to create this coalition is pulling him in a statist direction. His speeches these days imply that if we ended foreign aid we would not have to cut "programs for veterans, for the elderly, for the poor, for farmers." Like Robert Reich, he attacks wealth inequality.

The link between protectionism and expansive government is more than a matter of ideological affinities. Free trade forces governments to compete by allowing consumers and investors to vote with their wallets against government excess. When burdens on the private sector grow too heavy, economic activity moves to other jurisdictions. Trade barriers, however, shut off this escape route. (It was precisely in order to prevent this kind of regulatory competition that liberals demanded labor and environmental side-agreements to NAFTA; those side-agreements led some free-traders to oppose the whole package.) Mr. Buchanan complains—rightly—that federal taxation and regulation make it harder for American companies to compete with foreign ones. Yet instead of attacking the burdensome taxes and regulations, he would reduce the pressure to reduce them by shielding industry from their consequences.

Protectionism invites Big Government, Big Labor, and Big Business to form a coalition to socialize the economy; free trade protects ordinary citizens from all of them. Free trade is not just another issue to be bargained away for progress on OSHA regulations or on welfare. It is strategically important because it is a *structural* limit on government power. Protectionism, on the other hand, is a prerequisite for higher levels of regulation, spending, and taxes.

It would therefore undermine Mr. Buchanan's goal of political reform by giving government another set of favors to sell. As Joe Cobb of the Heritage Foundation explains, "A lot of the buying and selling of the Senate [in the nineteenth century] was due to tariffs." Whatever the argument for a particular breach of free trade—to help infant industries, to guard national security, whatever—any conceivable protectionist regime would soon become the plaything of politically powerful industries. That's not a hypothetical concern; it is once again increasingly the way U.S. trade policy is set.

In short, Pat Buchanan offers Americans a false economic nationalism—one that would cause the economy to contract, the government to expand, and foreign policy to be hobbled. Conservatives should stand for something better: a true economic nationalism, one that's confident of Americans' ability to compete in global trade without federal favoritism. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 I	2 V	3 O	4 S		5 Q	6 M		7 V		8 J	9 E	10 N	11 Q	12 A		13 C	14 A		15 I
16 N	17 K	18 Q	19 G	20 V	21 R	22 D	23 M	24 C	25 E	26 L		27 A	28 M	29 O		30 I	31 P		32 C
33 O	34 H		35 N	36 F	37 A	38 G	39 O		40 L	41 P		42 C	43 P		44 G	45 B	46 E	47 J	48 L
	49 R	50 N	51 D	52 J		53 E	54 T	55 R	56 Q	57 J	58 G	59 I		60 C	61 U		62 U	63 J	64 P
65 R		66 A	67 J		68 U	69 G	70 M	71 S	72 V		73 U	74 N	75 Q	76 G	77 A		78 G	79 K	80 J
	81 J	82 I	83 E	84 O		85 E	86 A	87 Q	88 R	89 J	90 F	91 I		92 L	93 U		94 L	95 Q	96 J
97 K	98 Q	99 G		100B	101N	102O	103A	104J	105R	106S		107A	108V		109C	110P	111R		112T
113H	114I		115R	116D	117A	118L	119G	120Q	121K	122P	123S	124N		125G	126R	127P		128E	129D
130A	131G	132J		133U		134E	135J	136N	137F		138J	139I	140E		141U	142I	143B	144S	145T
146Q		147P	148N	149H	150Q		151T	152I	153F	154B	155R	156H		157O	158S				

A. Schiller's exultant ode (3 words, German) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
27 66 130 107 117 14 86 103 37 12 77

B. With labor and capital, a basis of production ___ ___ ___ ___
45 154 143 100

C. Back from the country (2 words) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
24 109 60 13 32 42

D. Grandpa drove one ___ ___ ___ ___
129 22 51 116

E. One attraction of New Orleans (2 words) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
53 46 134 128 83 85 9 25 140

F. Name of three Holy Roman Emperors (10th century) ___ ___ ___ ___
36 137 153 90

G. Banditry ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
38 125 76 69 19 76 99 58 131 119 44

H. "Darkness at _____" ___ ___ ___ ___
156 34 113 149

I. Device for measuring rpm ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
59 142 15 30 139 91 152 1 82 114

J. Bent-out-of-shape father (2 words) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
80 47 57 132 8 104 67 135 138 96 52
89 63 81

K. Ship's wheel ___ ___ ___ ___
79 97 121 17

L. Bury, immure ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
48 26 92 94 118 40

M. Civil War–era caricaturist ___ ___ ___ ___
28 70 6 23

N. In-line dwellings ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
10 148 35 74 16 50 136 101 124

O. German dialect of the Yeshiva ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
84 3 29 39 157 102 33

P. Opposite of a hate hawk (2 words) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
147 43 64 31 127 110 122 41

Q. Mysterious mischiefmaker in your manse ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
18 75 11 95 120 98 150 87 5 56 146

R. Clintonism for taxation ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
155 126 105 88 21 115 49 65 55 111

S. "When in the course of human _____" ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
123 71 106 144 158 4

T. Is there a fiddler on yours? ___ ___ ___ ___
151 54 145 112

U. What readers long suspected *Pravda* and the *New York Times* of being in ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
141 133 62 93 61 73 68

V. Allen of Green Mountain fame ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
72 108 2 7 20

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. T. JEFFERSON: *The basis of our government's being the opinion of the people*: "The very first object should be to keep that right, and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

We regret an error on the October 23 puzzle grid: Square 71 should read "D"

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Understanding The Papal Bull

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10

The impression made by Pope John Paul was quite simply stunning. Granted, the panoply was intoxicatingly splendid; yet all those millions of candles and choirboys and bishops would not have given the spectator such life as he got from what he saw and heard if its centerpiece had been a nice old bore. The transfiguring feature of all those appearances was the man, and his words. "May the Holy Spirit strengthen your hearts, making them blameless and holy before our God and Father, so that you may serve His people with ever greater joy." We are not talking about sound bites.

But one needs to be reminded that the exhortations of a pope are customarily done in the paradigmatic mode, which is fitting for the primary spokesman for Biblical injunctions. The language of Moses and of Christ is totalist in its formulation. We are enjoined to be—saintly.

This is beyond the reach of all but the very few. Even so, what we hear said about how we should be cannot be attenuated by the foreknowledge of man's inability to attain perfection. *Give everything you have to the poor and join the pilgrimage of Christ*—here is a rock-solid injunction, toward the discharge of which human efforts are almost necessarily asymptotic. States are the organs of individuals, and so one runs into difficulties translating Christian imperatives into social policy. This is a problem that every pope in this century has faced, and Pope John Paul II cannot solve it, perhaps because it cannot be solved.

It has frequently been noticed that papal declarations tend to be undernourished on the matter of production. The emphasis is almost always on distribution. Thus we hear from papal declarations dating back more than one century about the obligation of the rich to give to the poor. The question naturally arises: It is right for Wealthy John to give to Poor Peter, but do we translate this into an obligation by John to vote to instruct Internal Revenue to descend on Wealthy James, to give to Poor Peter? The incorporation of individual virtue into state policy is a difficult business.

Consider the question of immigration. The Pope said, shortly after landing, "America keeps compassion, generosity and concern for others at the very heart of its efforts. . . . From the beginning until now, the United States has been a haven for generation after generation of new arrivals. Men, women, and children have streamed here from every corner of the globe, building new lives and forming a society of rich ethnic and racial diversity based on commitment to a shared vision of human dignity and freedom."

Now this is not accurate historical accounting. What it is is a sublimation of American history. It is American history as it would be recounted if Americans were all saints—and if no grass ever grew to interrupt the waterflow of goodness.

What is true is that American compassion has been marked and still is: 50 per cent of the world's immigration to the developed countries is into the United States. But it is also true that several times in American history Congress has elected to limit, or even to suspend, immigration. Sometimes the motivations of individual congressmen are xenophobic—they just don't want any more foreigners. The Oriental Exclusion Act was quite straightforward on this matter.

But sometimes, also, practical considerations were at the forefront of legislative action. During the Depression it would hardly have made sense to invite a large wave of immigrants into a country in which millions were suffering and 20 per cent were unemployed. And then the question arises today: Is it a trespass on Christian principles to advocate a temporary restriction in the current rate of immigration? Is Barbara Jordan—who headed the commission that recommended exactly that—anti-Christian?

Manifestly, it isn't so. Yet to advocate reduced immigration isn't to fault the Pope for speaking in the language of prophets, who deal not, and should not deal, with such questions as: Is California going broke under the burden? Is multiculturalism breaking up our culture? Why are there national borders, if immigration is not properly a matter of government policy?

What we are left with is the papal injunction to: compassion, generosity, and concern for others. The particularization of those sentiments is necessarily a problem for individual states. □

Grave Business In Los Angeles

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29

The cliché has it that anything Johnnie Cochran et al. can do to spring their client is okay. If this is so, they have certainly abided by that liberty. At the end of Thursday, Mr. Cochran had done his best to convince the jurors that either O. J. Simpson is guiltless and should be set free, and perhaps lionized in an effort to expiate the troubles he has seen, or else the jurors don't believe in the Bible, in the Constitution, or that Hitler went too far.

Now pay close attention to what is going on. The cameras take us to an impromptu press conference called by Fred Goldman, who is the father of Ron, the young man killed alongside Nicole. Mr. Goldman is teeming with resentment and fires both barrels. "He's talking about racism and he's talking about hate? Who does he connect himself with? This man ought to be ashamed of himself to talk among decent human beings. He is one of the most disgusting human beings I have ever had to listen to in my life. Because of racism, we should put aside all other thoughts, all other reason, and set his murdering client free?"

Well, that statement brought counterfire from the other side. The elder sister of O.J. took the floor for the first time to plead the innocence and virtue of her brother. But she said something more important, really, than that she was standing by for sibling loyalty. She said that "only" the jurors could pronounce the truth on

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all these questions being raised. The truth, of course, on whether O.J. killed Nicole and Goldman. But, derivatively, the case Mr. Cochran was pleading: that Mark Fuhrman, the racist detective, was indistinguishable from Adolf Hitler, that the Los Angeles police are happy to send an innocent man to jail for life, even though they know him not to be guilty. The point here is that, once again, we are asked to see the jury as an instrument for uncovering the Truth. To believe this is to surrender to the powers of hypnotists.

That of course is what Johnnie Cochran and Barry Scheck have attempted to do, to hypnotize the jury, and the inducements have been about as comprehensive as they can be. If you believe that Hitler was evil, then you have to fight Hitlerism in America, which is embodied in Mark Fuhrman, who uncovered the glove with O.J.'s blood on it, which glove had been placed there by Hitler. If you believe that the Los Angeles Police Department did some sloppy work, then you must believe that its motive in doing so was to advance the fraudulent case against O.J. If you believe, with Luke, that little lies often indicate bigger lies, then you must vindicate O.J. You cannot, simultaneously, believe in O.J.'s guilt, and in St. Luke's divine inspiration.

It does remind one—does it not?—of some of the great show trials of the Thirties, conducted by Stalin. When it was charged that Bukharin was guilty of counterrevolutionary activity, not only the Soviet court nodded its acquiescent head, but a lot of other people did too, including American intellectuals. It required the labors of the Dewey Commission and some hard analysis by a generation of scholars to set the record absolutely right. In Moscow the court was the creature of Josef Stalin and would have ruled, if told to do so, that the earth is flat. The question seriously arises whether the court, in Los Angeles, becomes the creature of Johnnie Cochran, whose use of apocalyptic rhetoric transforms the question, Did he do it, or did he not do it? into the question, Do you believe in God, do you not believe in God? Into, Do you believe in civil liberties, do you not believe in civil liberties?

If one had confidence in Judge Ito one might hope that he could move the jury back to reality, to relieve the jury of any notion that it is complicit in Nazism if it finds O.J. guilty. How would the Soviet court have reacted if it had been given, the day before its ruling, Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* to read? But Judge Ito is in over his head, and just possibly it is true that Western judicial procedure is in over its head. If a persuasive shaman is left free to seduce a bleary, near-dead-from-fatigue jury that theirs is to justify death, or to save Western idealism, then we are talking about something very different from the administration of justice. □

The Hangover

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5

The brainy wife of the brainy professor said, "I think the O.J. verdict should be protested." The brainy professor said, "How?"

Indeed. How?

The prattle, in which such as Senator Dole are engaged, is that we must accept the verdict and turn over a new leaf. Well, it is one thing to accept the verdict as a juridical reality: Nobody is arguing that O. J. Simpson should be sent back to jail. It is quite another thing to abide by the superstition that justice has been done. A lot of white folks who lynched black folks in the bad days went scot free because white jurors wouldn't convict them. But there are those who left that age with their honor intact: they screamed and yelled, and insisted that justice was not done. Screaming and yelling doesn't come naturally to a lot of people, but the brainy wife of the brainy professor was right, the verdict should be protested.

One way to do this is to remark the little filigrees on formal acquittal, and resist their effrontery. Johnnie Cochran tells the press moments after the verdict that the will of God has been done, as he knew it would be. One sighs: someone who can compare Mark Fuhrman to Adolf Hitler can, one supposes, adduce the will of God as motivating the jury's finding. Let us in charity assume that the relatives of O.J. sincerely thought him to be innocent, and pass over their bulletins to the effect that justice had been done. But what are we to make of O.J.'s solemn declaration that, now that the distraction has been swept away, the police should get serious and search out the real killer. He, O.J., will do "whatever it takes" to identify him. One way to begin this search is for everyone to submit a blood sample to the laboratories. And then ask the one out of 28 million with the telltale blood—that adds up to about thirty people, sprinkled about in Tibet, Tierra del Fuego, and Kazakhstan—what they were doing on the night of June 12, 1994.

And yes, we really should equip ourselves against hit-and-run self-vindication by legerdemain. Johnnie Cochran was on *Larry King Live* on Wednesday saying what you would expect, the phone rings, and lo! O.J. is on the line. He says serene things, and then chastises a woman who had called in to ask Mr. Cochran to explain the shadowy creature who had been identified by the limo driver as coming into the Rockingham driveway just before 11 the night of the murders. O.J. says, Did the woman not *listen* to the witness, because the witness, if you followed him carefully, had said something quite different, and oh! how much he, O.J., had suffered from people drawing conclusions from the testimony which the testifiers had simply not said, understand?

It is on the order of rising to say, "I *told* you there wasn't a purple cow on the property that night, DID I NOT?" People begin nodding their heads. We are off to the races with the reconstruction of the scene that night in June, one little piece at a time.

What effect will the verdict have on the career of Colin Powell, somebody asked? Answer: One would hope none. But there is most definitely a danger there. When 75 per cent of black Americans believe that the answer is A, not B, and 75 per cent of white Americans believe that the answer is B, not A, then what we have is a breakdown in communication between two cultures. Either we share a common language and a common rational apparatus or we do not. It is a very very scary thing when three-quarters of one ethnic group flatly disagree with three-quarters of another ethnic group about the structure of rational arguments. It is simply wrong to suppose that the white majority believed O.J. to be guilty because he was black. It is simply undeniable that the black majority believed him innocent because he was black. And—remarkably—those figures remained static throughout those endless months of testimony. It was tempting for the white majority to conclude that the black majority was engaged in iconolatry. O.J. is a hero and that is the end of it.

Not entirely hard to understand. If the spelunkers were to come up from their caves with evidence that St. Francis of Assisi ate live pigeons for breakfast, there are those of us who would simply refuse to believe it. Legends, to be legendary, must be sacred, inviolate. But this is not to dodge the question: Yes. If the innocence of O.J. is a black postulate, then intercommunication has suffered a quite awful setback. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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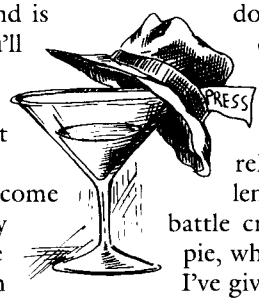
THE GIMLET EYE

JOE BOB BRIGGS

REMEMBER when people first started talkin about "househusbands," and it was supposed to be this kind of "sensitive guy" deal, where you would stay home with the baby and pick up dirty TV-dinner trays all day long while your wife reported to her job as assistant manager at Wal-Mart?

Back in the Seventies and Eighties, it was mostly weenies who did this—guys named Brad who wear those sweaters with the little buttons at the bottom and spend a lot of time organizing recycling drives down at the Unitarian Church.

But lately I've noticed a whole heck of a lot of househusbands around, and they're all guys with motorcycles who play guitar and race Jet-Skis. The Nineties word for househusband is "boy toy," and I don't think you'll find too many of em rootin around under the sink with a monkey wrench, tryin to fix that darn garbage disposal.



The feminist movement has come of age. There's so dang many professional women out there that guys come out of high school and say, "I'm just gonna work at McDonald's until I find someone to marry." Or maybe they get a teaching degree so they'll have "something to fall back on." And then they hang around the student union looking for a doctor, lawyer, dentist, or stockbroker, preferably one that looks good in a mini-skirt. They figure they'll stick out graduate school, and pretty soon those checks are gonna be *rollin* in.

I find this very, very interestin.

At the same time that we have older women claiming that they're not accepted in the workplace, we have very well-paid younger women out there, working 12-hour days, buying up all the Nicole Miller dresses, and acting more aggressive at the office than Michael Douglas in *Wall Street*. But ask one of em, "Honey, where'd all your money go?" and she just might say, "Well, my boyfriend wanted this four-wheel-drive Lamborghini, and so . . ."

I didn't notice it till recently, when all these gals in their thirties with a lotta bucks started turning up in the personal ads all the time. That first marriage *just didn't work out*, and so now they're looking for a Trophy Husband—some 22-year-old whipper-snapper that'll pay em a lot of attention and *support their career*. They still have standards—smoking is a no-no, herpes is out—but they don't necessarily think the guy has to, like, *earn a living*. After all, the boyfriend might be a genius who needs to spend all his time at the Actors Studio, doing emotional-memory exercises.

America is on the brink of a great new age in the history of male–female relationships. The new millennium is dawning, with the battle cry, "Honey baby sweetie-pie, where's that paycheck?"

I've given this some thought, and, guys, I say this is a good deal.

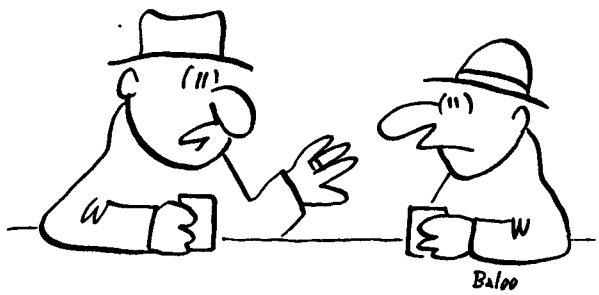
Most of these gals don't even want children, or they're pushin forty and so it's a little late to start spittin out yard monsters, so the whole thing is *very low maintenance*.

They get the degree.

They make the bucks.

They get the ulcers.

We hang out by the pool.



"I'm beginning to worry—she got me an engagement ring with a homing device in it."

I guess we'd be expected to occasionally *go shopping*, too, but I can put up with that.

Meanwhile, our harried commuting wives, reporting to their glass-and-steel high-rises with day-care centers (after all, why leave the kids with us when trained Diaper Experts are available?), will become more and more ruthless. They'll have no choice. We're talking Amazon hunter-gatherers here. They've got *families* to protect, *mouths* to feed. A hundred years from now, someone will have to write *Death of a Salesperson* to describe their emotional and spiritual collapse.

MEANWHILE, have you noticed how many businesses are springing up that are devoted to pure-dee male beauty? Apparently part of our job in the future will be to keep that Trophy Bod rippling and rugged, tanned and toned. We're gonna be watchin the hair-do like a hawk, to keep that Brad Pitt Look going. In the evening, we'll need to do the Pat Riley Slick-Up and slip into that tailored Armani monkey suit. We're gonna need a minimum three hours a day at the spa, and when we start to get droopy here and there, we'll need to be lifted and lipo-sucked.

One of the fastest-growing book clubs in America is run by the guys over at *Men's Health*, and what they're selling is the male version of Helen Gurley Brown's universe: how to look sexy, act sexy, and *grab that perfect life partner before it's too late*.

And that's going to take a lot of work work work—on the exercycle, in the Japanese hair salon, and especially in the bedroom. (One of their best sellers is called *Drive Your Woman Wild in Bed: A Lover's Guide to Sex and Romance*. Ten years ago, you would have had to buy *Swank* magazine to find a book like this. Today it's considered a necessary part of Male Home Ec.)

And once we've perfected this supportive sex-object husband deal, what's the next logical step?

I say we get involved in politics, guys.

Let's start with the garden club. Maybe we can make a difference.

You think I'm kidding, but I'm telling you, fellows. I've seen the future, and it includes tanning cream. □

Mr. Briggs is a syndicated columnist from Grapevine, Texas.

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General Motors.

"What do you do with this brand-new safety feature when a lot of folks won't buy a brand-new car this year?"

Jim Moloney has seen enough scientific evidence to know daytime running lamps — headlights that go on automatically during the day — can help prevent collisions and save lives. That's why he and the other members of the General Motors safety team are putting them on all new GM models by 1997. Of course, not everyone plans to get a new vehicle right away. So GM offers DRL kits that just about anyone can have installed quickly and inexpensively at a local GM dealership. Jim thinks the kits are terrific. "We want to make DRLs available to as many people as we can, whether they got a car five days ago or five years ago."

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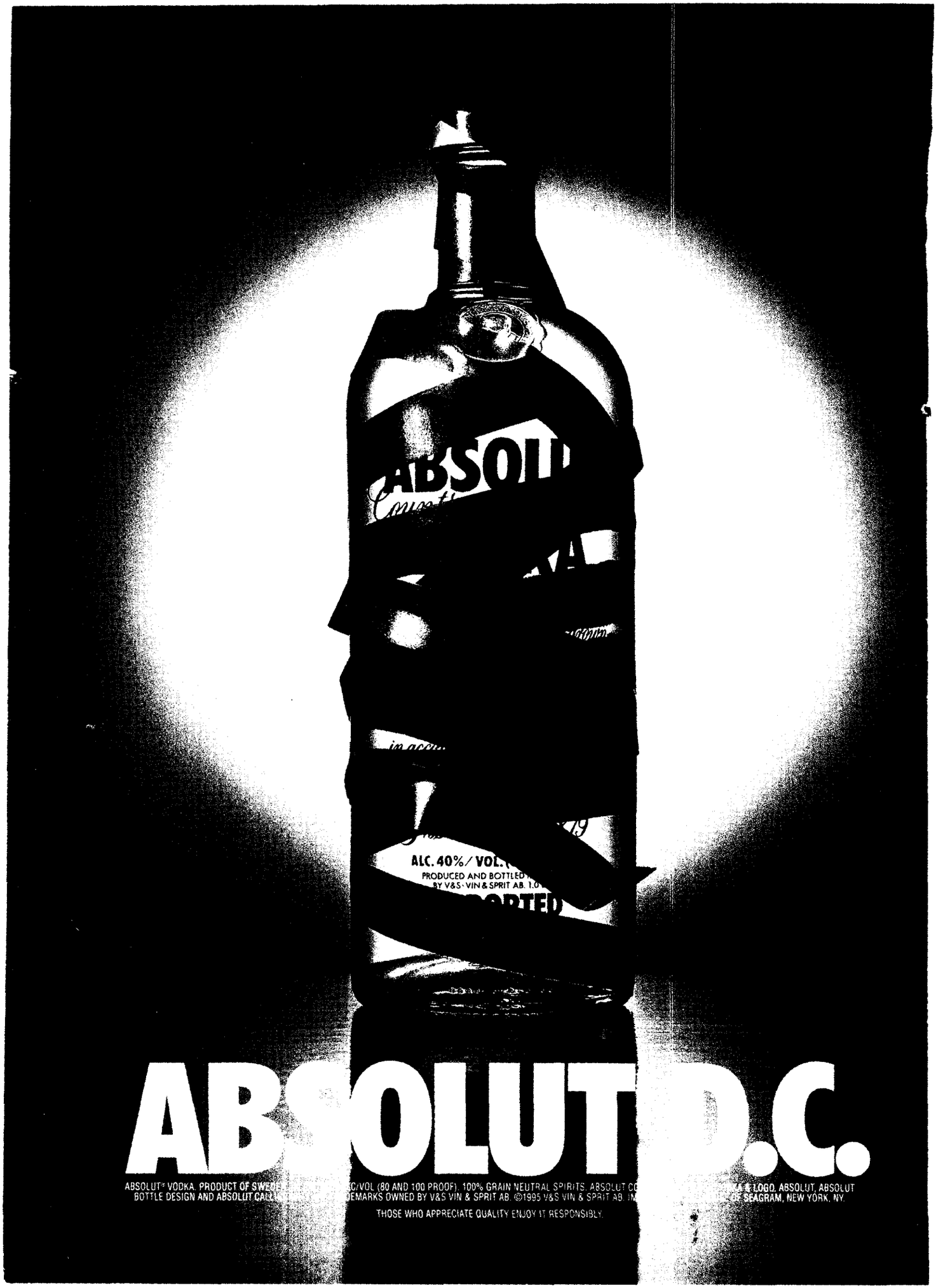
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